# National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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## Selections.

From the (London) Times.

### RIGHTS OF BRITISH SUBJECTS IN AMERICA.

It may be in the recollection of our readers that we drew attention some months ago to the case of Isaac Bowers, a British suoject, who, on the ground of his color, was taken out of a vessel at Charleston, and locked up in the town jail during the ship's stay in that port. This public notice of the subject was followed up by inquiries in the House of Commons, and eventually by an application on the part of our Government to that of the United States.—The case has now assumed a complexion of the most extraordinary kind; indeed, it is hard to say what confusion may not be generated by the action of this unlucky incident on the internal politics of the Union and the commercial relations between that country and this. It should be understood that two distinct authorities were found to be interested in the question, and a corresponding divison of responsibility was of course involved.

The treatise regulating the intercourse between Great Britain and the United States, and contracted between Her Majesty's Government on one hand, and the Supreme Government of the Union on the other, secure to the citizens of each of the contracting powers the free right of entering, departing, and residing unmolested within each other's boundaries; and it was on the strength of this stipulation that our Government remonstrated against the gratuitous incarceration of one of its subjects. The independence, however, of the several States composing the American Union has only been partially surrendered to the Federal Government; and it was in the exercise of a right assumed to be legally reserved that the local Legislature of South Carolina enacted the ordinance under which Isaac Bowers was imprisoned.

The Carolinas, as the reader is aware, are slave-holding States, and with such jealousy do they guard their institutions that the appearance of a free black in their towns is absolutely forbidden, and hence the law providing for the incarceration of all such during the stay of the vessel which shall have brought them to the country. On the one hand, therefore, by plain treaty engagements between the two countries, Isaac Bowers was free to enter, reside, and depart at any point of the American territory without molestation or annoyance; on the other, by known local laws, he was amenable to imprisonment at Charleston in respect of his skin.

The first application of the British Government was made, of course, to the Cabinet of Washington as the representative of the American Union in its relations with foreign States. Mr. Clayton, in reply, acknowledged the violation of the treaty in the act complained of, but charged the consequence upon the peculiar character of the Federation, which remitted to each constituent State a certain private sovereignty, in virtue whereof the law in question had been passed. Whether this reply was made entirely in good faith, or with the wish to elude a troublesome controversy, we shall not attempt to determine, but the results have been singular in the extreme. On the receipt of Mr. Clayton's answer by which we were virtually referred for satisfaction to the Government of South Carolina, Mr. Matthew, the British consul at that port, was instructed to make his appeal accordingly, and he forthwith addressed a communication on the subject to Governor Means, who acknowledged his note with equal courtesy, and laid the matter at once before the Legislature of the State.

There seems little calculated to create disturbance in the proceedings we have here described. The British Government made its appeal in the proper quarters, and transferred it upon proper recommendation to others. The Government of South Carolina accepted the remonstrance in good spirit, nor is there any reason to doubt that some adjustment will be attempted between the assumed interests of the State and the plain rights of British subjects.—The consequences, however, have been most remarkable. The circumstances of a correspondence between a foreign Consul and a local Government has been seized upon and denounced as a precedent of the most dangerous kind, tending to nothing less than the establishment of provincial sovereignties in derogation of the Federal Power.

In ordinary seasons the effect of such assertions would, perhaps, not be very serious, but it happens at this moment, as the reader will remember, that the Southern States have been agitating for a dissolution of the Union, and the incident in question is clamorously quoted as an overt step in the direction of independent sovereignty, inasmuch as negotiation with foreign powers is one of the privileges expressly reserved by the Constitution to the Federal Government alone. Such, therefore, in this view, has been the excitement occasioned, that vehement calls have been made upon the Executive to revoke the *exequatur* of our consul in consideration of his proceeding, and to withdraw from him that warrant of recognition under which he acts—a measure which would be equivalent to the abrupt dismissal of an ambassador from a friendly Court. Failing in this immediate step, the Cabinet is menaced with impeachment, "as loaning itself to secession, disunion and treason."

This declamation, indeed, might perhaps have few results, but more remains behind. In remitting Lord Palmerston's application to the Legislature of South Carolina, the American Government is understood to have added that, in default of redress from that State, it would be optional with the British Government to receive notice for the abrogation of the treaty thus infringed. This treaty is nothing less than the instrument under the provisions of which our commercial intercourse with the States is now conducted, and its abrogation would re-open an infinite question of duties and tariffs. In this way the mere political question is complicated, not only by the interminable topic of Slavery, but by considerations of local interests and advantages.

The Northern States are not only Abolitionists, but manufacturers, and moreover, are Protectionists withal. They have lately been agitating for a Protective Tariff, especially in respect of iron, and they seek in this instance for a favorable development of those chances which they conceive themselves to have gained in the fortuitous accession of the present Executive to power. They are not unwilling, therefore, to push our Government to the alternative of either silently dropping its complaints or annulling a treaty which they would fain see superseded by a different understanding.

The Southern States, on the contrary, are both anxious for the recognition of local sovereignty in the settlement of the imprisonment question, and desirous in the extreme to preserve those advantages which they are well aware of enjoying under the present treaties.

We may mention, indeed, as one of the remarkable points brought out by the pending discussion, that the Carolinas confess something very like an obligation to Great Britain for the conditions under which their produce is imported into this country. A letter on the subject, attributed to a well-known dignitary, plainly indicates that our supplies are only drawn so exclusively from American ports in consequence of our own indifference and misconceptions, and that if his countrymen "persist in hugging the conviction that rice and cotton equally good and of sufficient quantity *cannot* be procured elsewhere than from the United States, they would live to see and regret their error." We recommend this observation, which we have literally transcribed, to the notice of those who think it hopeless to look for cotton markets in India or Australia.

Those acquainted with the dashing style of American journalism will be surprised to hear that the whole embroilment has been traced to the insidious perfidy of our Foreign office, as an integral portion of a scheme for dissevering the Union. In point of fact, our interests are not immediately involved, except in so far as it is impossible to contemplate without concern the breaking up relations like those which subsist between the two countries. We should, no doubt, extend every consideration to a Government so situated as that of South Carolina, but the question is beset with difficulties. It is doubtful, in the first place, whether any satisfactory adjustment may be found practicable between the broad claims of the British Government on behalf of its subjects, and the inveterate tenacity of the Southern States on the point of their institutions.

In the next place it is uncertain whether this independent action of a local Government will be permitted, while it may be taken as incontestable that the State in question will not submit to the intervention of the Federal Power in respect of a law regarding the management or control of slaves. The matter therefore is now dubiously resting with two distinct authorities—that of the Legislature of South Carolina, before which the question has been laid, and that of the Supreme Government, which will probably be driven to cancel its decision, Great Britain, in the mean time, being absolutely committed to a peremptory demand. Such are some of the evils of Slavery, and every year's experience tends to prove that there is scarcely any affair of Government or State which is not liable to be complicated and embarrassed by the influence of this ever-present institution.

From The (London) Inquirer.

### AMERICAN SLAVERY AND THE AMERICAN CLERGY.

The *Morning Advertiser*, in the course of an article on American Slavery, suggests that each section of the religious world of Great Britain and Ireland should send a friendly remonstrance to those Churches of the United States, with which they sympathize in doctrine and discipline, upon their responsibilities, their duties, and their dangers, in relation to Slavery. That the American clergy stand in need of remonstrance cannot be denied. As our cotemporary remarks, the conduct of the clergy in the free States has always been the reflection of the public opinion upon that subject: whether for right or for wrong, they have followed, but have not led the national sentiment. As the public have felt, the pulpit has spoken. In the earlier period of their republic, while the people were warm with the achievement of their own freedom, the Churches strongly protested against the continuance of Slavery in the Southern States. Some of the resolutions passed in the years 1787 to 1793 by synods, conferences, and general assemblies of Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Methodists, speak of slave-holders, as "man-stealers," as "sinners of the first rank," as "perpetrators of the highest kind of theft;" but in process of time public opinion altered. As the free States became commercially and politically interwoven with Slavery and the slave power, the Churches were found echoing the general feeling against interfering with the "peculiar institution of the South. The Protestant Episcopal Church has not shown the inconsistency which marked the course of the other religious organizations of the United States. It never evinced *any* sympathy with the slave, and *boasts* of not having been disturbed by the Anti-Slavery agitation. Several of their Churches are under colored ministers, of great talent and unquestioned integrity; but the Episcopal convention has steadily refused to admit them into its body.

Dr. Dr. Parker, of Philadelphia, said, in a recent thanksgiving sermon, "That there were no evils in Slavery but such as were inseparable from any other relation in civil and social life." The Rev. Gardiner Spring, a popular and fashionable Presbyterian minister of New York, and well known in this country by his religious writings, lately proclaimed from the pulpit that "God for the last 2,000 years had fixed his brand upon the negro: that he would not fight against God, and that if by one prayer he could liberate every slave in the world, he would not dare to offer it." The Rev. Moses Stuart D. D., late professor at the Theological Seminary at Andover printed a pamphlet during the discussion of the Fugitive Slave Bill, justifying Slavery from the Bible, and passing the highest panegyrics upon Mr. Webster. The Rev. Orville Dewey, D. D., has just declared at a public lecture, while vindicating the obnoxious law, that "he would rather send his own mother into Slavery, and go himself, than see the union between the free and slave-holding States dissolved." With such clerical endorsements of the unchristian enactments of this Bill, the Anti-Slavery papers, at the present moment, abound. "Human beings," remarks the *Advertiser*, "are sold without any attempt at disguise, by the ecclesiastical bodies of the United States, to support theological seminaries and places of worship. Synods and assemblies of divines have formally declared, that the marriage tie between slaves is not binding." This atrocious decision has evidently no other object than to facilitate their separation by sale.

Meanwhile there are brave, God-fearing men, who, through scorn and obloquy, lift up their voices against this great wickedness. The calumniated Abolitionists strive night and day to open the eyes of the people, and the clergy too, to the crime to which they are privy.

In a recent debate in the House of Representatives at Washington, the Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, in referring to the late "Fugitive Slave Bill," made the following comparison between Professor Webster, who was executed last August at Boston, and the Hon. Daniel Webster, Secretary of State: "Sir, I was about to make some comparisons, but perhaps they may be regarded as indelicate. During last summer two distinguished gentlemen of the same name occupied much of the public attention. One was said to have committed murder, and the other to have procured the passage of this law: one was hanged for his crime; the other, for his efforts, was taken into the Executive Cabinet. One destroyed the life of an individual, the other contributed his efforts for the passage of this law, which must consign hundreds, perhaps thousands, to premature graves. I, sir, cannot speak for others; but, for myself, I would rather meet my final Judge with the guilt of him who has gone to his account, than of him who now sits in yonder Cabinet."

Language such as this, used at so early a period of the Congressional Sessions, gives little color to the assertion of the political press of the United States, and reiterated by the "Correspondent of the *Times*," that the agitation upon this fearful law is subsiding. Mr. Giddings would not have ventured to give solemn utterance to such a sentiment, had he not believed that the conscience of his country was not become totally callous; nor, without the conviction of being supported by a large amount of public opinion, while asserting that there was "a law of right, of justice, of freedom, implanted in the breast of every human being," which bade him look with scorn on such a law as this, would he have concluded his address by exclaiming—"The spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers, which was manifested at Bunker's Hill, at Saratoga, and at Yorktown, still exists in the North. The same spirit which resisted the Stamp Act, will resist your Fugitive Slave Bill. The spirit which threw the tea into Boston harbor, will set your infamous law at defiance. The spirit which overthrew the power of the British Crown, will submit to no force that shall compel it to comply with the odious provisions of this enactment."

From The North Star.

### GEORGE THOMPSON AT ROCHESTER.

*Free Speech Triumphant!!—Corinthian Hall Crowded!!!*

On Sunday evening last, there assembled at Corinthian Hall a tremendous concourse of the citizens of Rochester, to hear the farewell address of George Thompson, Esq. The splendid and commodious room was densely packed long before the time arrived for the speaking to commence, and many were compelled to retire from the stairway, unable to gain admission to the hall. This meeting was altogether the most effective, heart-cheering, sublime and glorious demonstration which we have ever witnessed in this city. We would gladly dwell at length upon the many points of interest suggested by the speech and the occasion, but must omit to do so for want of room. Read the speech—read the speech, and say if human lips ever uttered, or printer's fingers ever set up, a more truthful or a more eloquent appeal in behalf of human freedom.—F. D.

At a quarter past seven, Mr. Thompson rose and said: The proceedings of this meeting will commence by the singing of a Psalm to the tune of 'Old Hundred.' He then gave out,

"From all that dwell below the skies."

which was sung by the vast congregation.

Mr. Thompson then said: I will, with your permission, read some portions of the sacred scriptures. He then read from the Book of Numbers the blessings pronounced by Balaam upon the Israelites, and also the 58th chapter of Isaiah. Prayer was then offered by the Rev. Mr. Ingersoll.

MR. THOMPSON'S SPEECH.

My friends, (if you will allow me to call you such,) Since I have been in this city, one of your leading journals has published the following article, with which I deem it appropriate to commence my address this evening:

"'Give me the liberty to *know*, to *think*, to *believe*, and to *utter*, FREELY, according to the conscience, above all other liberties.' This was the desire of a noble republican, John Milton; and he expressed the aspiration of every man who desires to be led, through the knowledge of truth, to the performance of duty. This desire is identical with the duty he owes to God and man. Without this liberty, there can be no discharge of social obligations. Withhold it, and mind dies. Withhold it, and individuals and nations sink into insignificance. Withhold it, and all moral, spiritual, physical, agricultural and commercial productions, become stunted, withered, puny, sickly and mean. Withhold it, and you withhold the sunlight from the dial of civilization. Withhold it, and the view of God is dangerous to mankind."

Grant me this liberty in this hall to-night—the liberty to utter what I believe to be the truth. Exercise *you* the right and perform the duty of weighing what I say—of proving all things—of discriminating between truth and error; but, oh! reject not the truth!

"Great truths are portions of the undying man,
And cause the soul to stand erect and free:
Slave! is no word of seed immortal sprung;
Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon—from lips purified
With martyr's fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied."

Oh, be free! Would you be free? Embrace, hold fast, and promulgate the truth.

"Be free! and then our God will give a sword,
Wherefor Orion's belt were not too bright;
There shall be power in your lightest word
To make weak falsehood, pierced with arrowy light,
Writhe, dying with her own most foul disease,
Within her churches and her palaces."

Judge ye, then, this night, as wise men, what I shall say, and let truth be the object of your search.

Some men make light of truth, and speak it only when it is convenient. Let such beware! Some men sell themselves to the work of lying. They are of their father the Devil—they are the enemies of God, the destroyers of mankind. Opposition to the truth is the highest form of human wickedness. The concealment of truth is treason to conscience and to God. The adulteration of truth, is the defacement, corruption and mutilation of the shining Currency of Heaven from the Divine Mint. The persecution of truth, is open war with God. The final rejection of the truth, is to turn the back upon the light which shines at the entrance to life and immortality, and to make shipwreck of faith, hope and joy, forever and forever.

You are Americans; I adddress you as such. When Paul stood before Agrippa, he said, king Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest. Americans! believe ye in the principles of human liberty? I know that ye believe. I deem myself happy, therefore, because I shall answer for myself this night before you, touching the things whereof I am accused—especially because I know you to be expert and jealous in all customs and questions appertaining to liberty and self-government. Wherefore, I beseech ye to hear me patiently.

In this country, there has been a great conflict for *political* truth. At a certain stage of the war for the establishment of the truths which your fathers contended for, it was thought to be requisite and proper that these truths should be embodied in a solemn, public and formal instrument. It was done, and the Declaration of American Independence was given to the world. As far as that instrument is an assertion and recognition of the rights of man, and a declaration of great political truths and principles, I subscribe it. I voluntarily pay allegiance to it, and am an American. To defend the principles set forth in that declaration, the men who adopted it, pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor. The day when they did this, is a sacred anniversary, and from year to year, on the 4th of every July, the free citizens of America re-issue this declaration of their independence, and recommit themselves to the great principles which it proclaims.

It seems almost superfluous to state it—and yet it is all-important to the subject we have met to consider—that the principles contended for in the revolution were universal in their nature and application—that they were not promulgated, as suited merely to the circumstances of America, but as *self-evident truths*, coeval with the existence of man, belonging to all time, the very fundamental charter of human liberty—the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. As such, they were conceived and written on paper by Jefferson; as such, they were considered, debated and adopted by the representatives of the people; as such, they were solemnly signed by your fathers; as such, they were published to the world; as such, they were incorporated into the Bill of Rights and Constitution of each several State; as such, they were acted upon by many of the States of this Union. Need I add, that if it was right for Jefferson to pen these truths in 1776, it is equally my right to spread them in 1851. If it was right in Jefferson, Adams, Washington, Hancock and Franklin, to make them the ground of revolt against the British Government in 1776, (and I hold that it was) it is equally right to make them the ground of appeal against any existing institution in 1851. These principles refer to men and their rights; and while men live, these truths will be applicable—yes, and if there were no men to discuss them, or to apply them, they would in the very nature of things remain, for they are self-evident and immortal—they belong, not to America, but to the world—and not to the world only, but to the very nature and being of truth, and must remain forever.

You all know that in due time the people who had adopted these truths assembled, by their delegates, to frame a Constitution for a Federal and United Government, and that their Declaration of independence was the basis of that Constitution. When that Constitution came forth, its objects were claimed to be: To form a more perfect Union; to establish Justice; to insure Domestic Tranquility; to provide for the Common Defence; to promote the General Welfare; and to secure the inestimable blessings of Liberty, Equality and Self-Government to the then present generation, and to their posterity forever.

Suffer me now in the kindest spirit to put it to your candid understandings, and to the sense of justice and reason which is in you, whether any intelligent foreigner, instructed only in this part of the history of your country, but told that you had continued to live as United States under this Constitution, and had professed these principles for more than seventy years, each year declaring to the world your unaltered attachment to the great self-evident truths upon which your independence was founded—would, upon these facts, predicate respecting this country, that there were within its confines, and under your dominion and power, absolute and illimitable, three millions of human slaves? Let me ask you for a few moments to inquire yourselves—not what you are, Americans, but foreigners, or some far-distant part of the earth, hearing for the first time of this country, and of the great events connected with its history. Let me suppose myself called upon to narrate some of these events. I might then address you in some such language as this:

Some centuries ago, the genius of a great man pierced the night of ages, and discovered a vast continent, washed by two oceans, and stretching from the regions of eternal snow to those redolent of all the tropic glories of the sunny south—a region embracing every clime, and extending over more than fifteen millions of square miles. At the frigid North, there landed, two hundred and thirty years ago, upon a rocky and savage coast, a band of pilgrims from the Old World, driven forth by the iron hand of intolerance and persecution, to seek in a wilderness (the echoes of which had never been aroused by the stroke of an emigrant's axe) the civil and religious liberty they had been denied at home. They were an eminently religious people—they feared God, and went forth to find freedom to worship Him according to their consciences. One of their descendants has taught their children to sing the poetry and prayer they uttered, when their feet first trod the birth-soil of their liberty:

"Escaped from all the perils of the sea—
Storms, shoals, the angry and engulphing waves—
Here stand we on a savage shore, all free,
Thy freemen, Lord! and not of man the slaves.
Here we will toil and serve Thee till our graves
On these bleak hills shall open. When the blood
Thou pourest now to warm along our veins
Shall westward flow, till Mississippi's flood
Gives to our children's children his broad plains,
Ne'er let them wear, O God, or forge a bondman's chains."

The people thus planted, took root and grew. They greatly increased and multiplied. Others from the same region settled more genial portions of the continent. They likewise multiplied, and became communities. They had laws of their own making, but they were at the same time subject to the sovereign of the father-land, who sent Governors to rule over them, and imperial edicts which they were required to obey. Some of these edicts they deemed harsh and oppressive. They regarded it as unjust (seeing they had no direct representation in the parliament of the parent country) that they should be taxed according to the will and pleasure of strangers. They remonstrated against particular grievances—against duties upon tea, glass, artists' colors, and stamps upon paper. Their remonstrances were unheeded, their petitions were slighted, and they were threatened with coercion and with punishment as rebels. At length they resisted—they resisted unto blood. War was declared—they flew to arms—the battle raged—it was the struggle of kingly power on the one hand, with a people asserting and maintaining their political rights on the other. The people were equal to the crisis. They had counted the cost, and they were prepared to meet the consequences. A voice cried, "Give me liberty or give me death!" and a whole people staked their existence upon the alternative. Believing that they had Truth, Justice, and Humanity on their side, and that God would go with them to battle, they marshaled their hosts, took the field against a King and a Parliament, and were firm. The mighty convulsion that followed, revealed the hidden resources of the colonists. Were soldiers wanted to fight in the battle of freedom? Hill and valley, city and hamlet, poured forth its hardy sons. Were generals wanted to lead the armies of freedom to the field? They appeared, and were as skilful to command as the sons of the soil were to fight. Sages appeared to counsel, statesmen to devise, and preachers to cheer, to animate and to bless. The struggle was sublime. They were as decisive as they were brave. They determined to fight for an issue worthy the peril they encountered. They declared themselves free and independent. Deliberately and solemnly, they announced to the world they were a free people. They spurned forever the fetters of kingly authority. They stood erect in the face of all men, a free and independent people, planting their feet upon the self-evident truth that men are BORN FREE; that they are EQUAL; and that amongst their inalienable rights are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. The liberty and independence they had declared, they were enabled to maintain and to transmit. They became free in fact, as they had declared themselves free by nature. The freedom they won for themselves, they left as the inheritance of their children.

When this noble people first started into liberty, they were three millions. They were a thinly scattered community. The continent on which they dwelt was but partially subdued, and but partially even explored. The communties, which were subject provinces before, became sovereign and independent communities. They formed a federal compact; they established a general government; they adopted a constution; and they became the United States of America.—They set apart the day when they declared their independence, as a day to be observed through all coming time. Their children have so observed it. On that day, they celebrate with fasting, thanksgiving and songs, their liberation from bondage. On that day they read their Declaration of Independence; re-assert its principles;—promulgate anew its self-evident truths;—repeat their emphatic testimony against Slavery of every kind; and renew their vows, never again to bow the neck beneath the yoke of any rulers that are not the men of their own free choice and election. When they abjured a kingly government, and established the principles of democracy, they were a *religious* people. They recognized God in all they did. They called upon Jehovah to witness the justice of their quarrel—to lead their armies to battle—to give them success in the fearful conflict; and to grant them grace to improve the blessings which their victories secured to them. Even since, their elected rulers have made mention of the interposition of God, and have appealed to Him, to guide and bless the nation. Each year, a day is set apart for the special acknowledgement of the goodness of God to the nation—for the confession of sin—and for supplication for continued blessings.

The Supreme Being has heard and answered these petitions. The three millions have become twenty. The thirteen colonial dependencies, have become thirty sovereigns commonwealths. The territory before limited and scantily, populated, has spread, until it reaches from sea to sea, and from the regions of endless snow, to those where California's streams "roll down their golden sands." On one side of this broad domain, the free son of America expatiates upon the Pacific, whose tides wash the shores of Australasia and China; while on the other, the children of the Pilgrim Fathers still look upon the dark waters of the Atlantic, which bore their puritan ancestors in the Mayflower, to the rocky strand of New England. Such has been the growth and increase of this mighty and favored people!

The independence and freedom won by the wisdom and intrepidity of the founders of the revolution, has never been assailed. Prosperity in an unbroken and uninterrupted current has been the lot of the people. They are still a religious people. Over all the face of the land may be seen the spires of their churches, pointing to that bright world of which this is the vestibule, and for which this is the scene of probation and preparation. Thirty thousand ministers of the christian religion officiate at the altars of Him who came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Millions of the people are united in religious communities, recognizing Christ as the Head of the church, and the great shepherd of the sheep. They have their sabbaths and solemn assemblies, their meetings for prayer, and their revivals, and every other outward means of grace. Their zeal for the conversion of men to the faith of the gospel is universal. From their own highly favored land, they have sent out the heralds of salvation into all the regions of the earth, to turn men from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. Wherever gloomy superstition sits brooding over the minds of men. Wherever idolatry has reared its shrines, and has its devotees in those who see not in the abortions of their hands the abortions of their minds—wherever heathenism, with its polluted and cruel rites, its absurd and foolish fables, enslaves, embrutes and terrifies the souls of men—there are to be found the ambassadors of the cross, sent by the churches of Christian America, proclaiming Christ as the Prophet and Saviour—defying the gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, and proclaiming the right of Jehovah to the government of the world, and to the allegiance and obedience of all men to His law—a law immutable in its nature, universal in its application, and eternal in its duration. The people of this country have co-operated with the christians of other lands, to translate the scriptures into the languages of all the kingdoms and tribes on the face of the earth. They have rolled a mighty flood of truth through the world, and have sent forth messengers to stand upon its banks and cry, "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters." This people welcome to their shores the oppressed and exiled of all other regions. They offer their land as an asylum to the victims of tyranny and misrule from every other quarter of the globe. They sympathize with all abroad, who groan under despotism, and are the first to offer their congratulations to such as succeed in throwing off the shackles of princes and potentates, and in founding free constitutional governments for themselves.

Their great statesmen are not afraid to rebuke from their high places the crowned tyrants of the Old World. Should an absolute despot own millions of men, dare to trample on the rights of a single patriot, the loftiest intellect in the country thunders forth the anathemas against the oppressor, telling him, "There is something on earth greater than arbitrary power; that white the lightning has its power, and the whirlwind its power, and the earthquake its power, there is something among men more capable of shaking despotic power than lightning, whirlwind, or earthquake;—that that power is the threatened indignation of the whole civilized world, and that before the tribunal of the whole world, the despot who tramples on the rights of his fellow-man, must appear, must hold up his hand, must plead and abide its judgment." Thus will the great statesman speak, and all the people say, "Amen!" Such is the sketch which, if you were strangers to it, I might give you of the history of the principal events, and of the prevailing characteristics of this nation.

Would you not, from such a history as this suppose, that this was indeed the very name and sanctuary? Would it not strike you as incredible, that in such a country, nearly the sixth part of the population were in a state of absolute Slavery—mere merchandize—the chattles personal of these very christians whose zeal for the evangelization of the world I had described? But such is the fact! Do you not at once perceive, then, that the work of abolition here, has not only to be accomplished as a work of *humanity*, but that Slavery must be overthrown, in order that freedom itself may be cleared from reproach, and that religion may be saved from the imputation of being worse in its operation and effects than infidelity and atheism?

It is Slavery in a land purchased by the bravery and blood of revolutionary heroes and patriots. It is Slavery in a land where men revolted—not from personal bonds—not from scourges and iron fetters—not to deliver their wives and daughters from pollution and infamy—not to save themselves and their posterity from endless and unmitigated thraldom; from the rifle, the bowie knife, the bloodhound and the scaffold, but for the defence of the right of freemen to be represented in the assembly by which they were taxed. It is Slavery in a land of Bibles and Christianity—of Bibles that are read, and taught, and translated, and disseminated, and expounded as containing the will of God to man, and the only sure directions to another and a better world beyond the grave.

Who can think, without horror, of Slavery and christianity combined? CHRISTIANITY! with its world-wide humanity, its precepts of brotherly kindness and charity, its doctrines of universal equality, which says, "Show me thy faith without thy works, and I will show thee my faith by my works"—which says, "Honor all men"—which presents, as an example to be imitated, the life of Christ, which was holy, meek, self-denying, and devoted to the good of others. And Slavery, with its inquisitorial tortures—its unbridled and unbounded licentiousness—its unspeakable debasement of the intellect—its sundering of the tenderest ties, and its defiance of all law, human and divine. Oh, what a gigantic system of inhumanity, and forced and uncompensated labor and chattel despotism, is this? Who can measure its atrocity and guilt?—Who can fathom its misery and degradation?—Who can conceive its present effects, and still more, its future consequences?

Its most striking and appalling influence is seen in the fact, that men calling themselves republicans in politics, and christians in religion, can regard it, not only without abhorrence, and execration, and madness; but with forbearance, toleration, complacency and approbation. If anything could stamp the system as the moral plague of the universe, it is this. It has poisoned the very fountains of liberty. It has converted Christianity into a curse. Eighteen or twenty millions rejoice in the possession of the largest amount of liberty even possessed and exercised under any Government. Three millions are in circumstances to pray earnestly that some despot might land upon these shores with an army powerful enough to enslave, politically, the people on the soil, so that their chains of personal servitude might be struck off. Millions profess to love the Bible as the charter of human freedom as the rule of faith and practice, and as the guide to everlasting happiness. Millions more are practically taught to regret and hate it, as a book that sanctions their enslavement, and gives to their masters the authority of God to hold them in hopeless bondage. I repeat it—it is the exhibition of Slavery in such a land as this, that causes it to wear its most loathsome aspect—because it assumes the form of a deliberate conspiracy on the part of an entire people, governing themselves and electing their own rulers, to deprive millions of the human race of the blessings, without which all other blessings become curses. Were this land rid of Slavery, were the people of this great nation to rise up some morning, freed from this curse, and without the recollection that it had ever existed; and were they then called to contemplate a similar system in another region; and were they to look at it, as they would, in the light of their own republican politics and the christian religion, they would speak with a tone louder than ten thousand thunders, and pronounce it the *ne plus ultra* of satanic villany. Their condemnation of the perpetrators of such an outrage would know no bounds, and they would hold them up to the world's execration, as the direct enemies to the liberties and rights of the human race.

I can convey to you no just idea of the impression I have, while travelling in this country, of the all-pervading influence of Slavery. To me, no natural object is more visible or tangible to the senses, than is the presence of the spirit of Slavery in every part of America. Of this nation, on this subject it may be truly said, "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart is faint." Let me glance at the events of the few months which have elapsed since I came here, and you will the more readily understand my meaning, and account for my impression.

I left a land ruled by a hereditary monarch: a land with a titled and privileged aristocracy: a land where a State Church oppresses the people and lords it over humbler sects: a land where the representative system is defective, circumscribed, partial, exclusive and unjust: a land where taxes are unequal, heavy, and intolerable: a land where the toiling and meritorious millions have yet to be put in possession of their political rights; but a land where it has been decided that the soil shall be sacred from the polluting tread of the man-hunter; a land which gives freedom to every slave who, escaping from the unrelenting tyranny of American Slavery, touches our consecrated shores.

Some have said there are slaves in England. I deny it. We have struggling poverty; but not Slavery. We have many evils amongst us which I, at least, pray to see removed; but no Slavery.—Suffering, I admit there is. Misgovernment, in many forms: abuses, without number; but no Slavery. Let those who taunt me with the Slavery of England, point me to the English mother that can be robbed of her child; to the English husband that can be torn from his wife; to the English daughter whose chastity can be violated with impunity; to such advertisements as those that crowd your southern papers, advertising fancy wenches for sale and offering thirty dollars for the capture of a slave alive, and fifty if he be brought back dead.—In England the cup of misery goes round. Here it stands still. In England the wheel of fortune revolves, here it is motionless forever for the slave.—Let those who talk of slaves in England, learn the everlasting difference between the condition of those who suffer from the unequal distribution of wealth and the evils of class legislation; and of those who are declared to be the absolute property of their masters, and are dragged down from their dignity, as being but a little lower than the angels, to be ranked with four-footed beasts and creeping things of earth.

I landed in the city of Boston, a city the name and fame of which were dear to me, for it was in Boston that the first tones of remonstrance, the first protests against tyranny, the first shouts for American Independence were heard. The city was in a state of wild excitement. Placards covered the walls announcing the arrival of man-catchers, in hot pursuit after two native-born Americans.

What right had they there in the home of the white, Shadowed o'er by the banner of freedom and right?

What right! why they were sanctioned and protected in their hellish purpose by the law of the United States, backed by the entire naval and military power of this great nation. I landed in Boston to find the people under a law, higher than the law of God, a law requiring them to give up their own citizens, utterly innocent of crime, without the trial granted to a pickpocket, to a doom more terrible than that pronounced upon a felon. I turned to the public journals, to read the protest of an outraged, indignant and maddened community, against so flagitious an insult to the honor of the State, the hospitality of the city, and the rights of humanity; but instead of "thoughts that breathe in words that burn," directed like arrows of light against this insult, I found only vindications of the law, exhortations to obedience, and the foulest denunciations of those who refused to, "bewray the wanderer," and give up the man who had escaped from the tyrant. Saw I not the spirit of Slavery in all this? What is the difference between the moral atmosphere of mercantile Boston, and slaveholding New Orleans? Nothing. The observers of fugitive slave laws are copartners with the masters of slaves. The man who submits himself to the petrifying and calcining process invented by political chemists to turn human hearts into flint, is worse than a slaveholder: for the one is the slave of his own lusts, and the other is his obsequious and voluntary pander.

A New England Sabbath dawned. The church bells tolled. The Jerusalem of America poured forth its religious and sabbath-keeping population. I saw the tribes go up, to hymn the praises of Him who wills not that one of his little ones should perish. While the ministers of religion were preaching the love of God—and how he gave his Son to *redeem* the lost race of man—and how we should not live unto ourselves, but unto Him who died for us, and rose again, I walked through the streets of this most pious city, to find the hiding-place of two of God's children, hunted for their lives, and one of them a woman! I was guided by one whose motto is—"My country is the world, my countrymen are all mankind." We found at last the secret covert of these fugitives—we discovered and entered the retreat of two immortal beings hiding from the human bloodhounds that were baying on their track. I found them. They were not afraid, for I was an Englishman. I offered them an Englishman's hand. I took them to an Englishman's heart: I have sent them to an Englishman's home—and Ellen and William Crafts are now safe from the hunters of men. Oh, what a spectacle was this for a foreigner to behold! What an exemplification of the universality of Slavery on this soil. The Jews had their cities of refuge to which the homicide could fly and be safe from the avenger of blood; but America—the land of Washington, and Franklin, and Patrick Henry, and Hancock—has not a cave of Adullum into which her own immortal children can crawl, and be safe from the two-legged leopards, whose prey is the children of God. Oh, America! would that thou couldst see thyself as I saw thee, while sitting between thy fugitive children meditating on the spectacle of a temple, erected to liberty, served by priests who offer millions of broken hearts upon her altar.

Such was my earliest experience in this country. What next? I was invited by the friends of international amity, reform and universal emancipation to a meeting in Old Faneuil Hall. Three thousand of the most estimable citizens of Massachusetts were there to bid me welcome and did welcome me. But the spirit of Slavery was also there. The men of State Street, too jealous of their own reputation to be mobocrats in person, sent their hirelings into the meeting to prevent the friends of freedom from being heard, and they succeeded. The pro-slavery papers of the following morning applauded them as patriots and Americans, for nobly doing their duty by crowing, hooping, cheering, groaning, roaring, screaming and imitating catcalls, whistles, the barking of dogs, the crowing of cocks, and the quacking of ducks, and said that they enjoyed themselves like friends from the bottomless pit let out on a frolic. To what do I ascribe my treatment in Faneuil Hall? To the accursed spirit of Slavery. Why did the Mayor of the city sit an approving witness of the scene? He was the tool of Southern Slavery. Why did the Marshal and his policemen neglect their duty to their fellow-citizens and the persons by who they were paid? Because they were doing the duty demanded of all to the foul spirit of Slavery.

Another meeting is held in Faneuil Hall, and the spirit of Slavery is again triumphant. It is a Union Meeting, to denounce the friends of the Slave, and uphold the *American Game Laws*, which sanction and command the hunting of men. The men who instigated the mob against me were there, and in their glory. Through the lips of their most eloquent champion, the Hon. Rufus Choate, they said—"Let the Anti-Slavery agitation be accursed."—They forget that God has other children besides the tribes of Israel, and that those are blessed who bless them; and that those are cursed who curse them.

What was the next exhibition witnessed of the omnipresence and omnipotence of the spirit of Slavery in America? It was the scene presented in Boston on the day of Thanksgiving, when the ministers of that city recommended their flocks to show their gratitude to God for His mercies, by obeying the statute, which calls upon them to trample instinct, reason, compassion, the law of God, and the Gospel of Christ under their feet, and to do a work of meanness and brutality, the basest and most cruel ever presented by a cowardly tyrant, why did the ministers of religion in Boston preach thus? Because the spirit of Slavery reigns in the Christians. Suppose there were no Slavery in America, and such a law as your Fugitive Slave Law were to be enacted by some other Government. In such a case, every pulpit in this whole Union would launch the thunder of God's wrath against the satanic enactment, and the Churches would concentrate their anathemas upon such an attempt to turn this earth into a hell, with only the tormentors and the tormented upon it. But the religious bodies of America are, with some most noble exceptions, under the authority and dominion of Slavery, and must do its bidding, even though it be by the most awful perversion of the truth of God since the time when the devil tempted Christ in the wilderness. What was the next scene upon which I was called to gaze?—That of one of your most respected citizens, standing before a Boston audience, to tell them that he

was under bonds to the amount of twenty-five thousand dollars, to return and be tried by slaveholders, for the crime of allowing two native-born Americans, guiltless of wrong, to get into his carriage Slavery has triumphed, and the bail has been forfeited, that Chaplin may not be incarcerated for life in the dungeons of the South. And this in a country which says its citizens are the freest in the world. Take another scene. I am sitting in my parlor with an aged man, a citizen of New Hampshire. The hair has been shaven off one half of his head—whitened with the snows of more than 60 winters. He tells me his story: he was seized, and his baggage ransacked—a sermon is found—presented by his old pastor, and sent him by his brother. It is found to contain some expressions of condemnation of the system of Slavery. The possessor of this sermon is told he ought to be hanged; but his sentence is commuted into having his head shaven, and being tarred and feathered.

The scene changes. I am in the city of Philadelphia, and see a free man seized—adjudged to be a slave—refused time to meet the charge—sent to the realms of bondage—and he only escapes the horrors of perpetual Slavery, because the person to whom he is sent is honest and honorable enough to acknowledge that he knows nothing of the man, and refuses to accept him as a piece of property, assigned to him by a Commissioner and Judge of the United States.

The scene changes. It is the city of New York, the great Commercial Capital of this Union. A friendless, trembling wretch, stands before his judge, arraigned for the crime of having stolen himself out of a condition worse than that of a brute—charged with having dared to be a man. The youthful grandson of one of America's noblest patriots, generously comes forward to advocate his cause. The wealth of the city fees the first lawyer of the State to oppose the honored scion of John Jay, and Henry Long is sent back to Slavery.

I have shown you a venerable and inoffensive man, treated in South Carolina as one of us would not be treated amongst the devil worshippers of Africa. Let me now carry you to the chivalrous State of Kentucky, and show you how a pious Baptist Missionary has been treated within the last few weeks, the news having reached me since I came to to this city, where the poor man has an intimate friend. He is seized by a band of men, who ask, "Are you an Abolitionist." He replies, "I believe in the justice of emancipation, but would not have the slaves rise, or resist their masters." What is his punishment for believing in the justice of Emancipation? Hear his own story, and repress your indignation if you can: "They consulted whether I should be whipped, tarred and feathered, ducked or hanged. They decided to duck me. They brought me to the edge of the water, then flung me as far as they could into the pond. I nearly lost my breath. As soon as I reached the shore, they took me and threw me in again, head first. On my regaining the shore, they threw me in a *third* time. Declining to promise that I would not return, they threw me in a *fourth* time. They next required a promise that I would never return to Kentucky. I refused to give one, and they threw me in the *fifth* time. They then threw me in the *sixth* time. I still refused to promise.

Another set of hands took hold, and threw me in the *seventh* time. I refused to promise. They threw me in the *eighth* time. I still refused to promise. They threw me in the *ninth* time. As I approached the shore, *I found all the powers of nature giving way*. They now resolved to WHIP me, so hauling in the pond, with what of life there remained in me, I promised to leave Kentucky, and never return." What, let me ask, would be said of the heathen, in any part of the world, if such a demoniacal act were done by them towards an American citizen? Thank God, the messengers of mercy from the churches of the land, meet no such treatment among the savages to whom *they* carry the gospel. I might multiply such illustrations of the spirit and workings of this country to any extent, but time and strength would fail. O what an immeasurable curse is this system to your country! Three millions in Slavery! countless millions sold already, in the loins of their fathers. The original blessing, "increase and multiply, and replenish the earth," turned into the heaviest malediction! The infant betrayed, and branded as a beast from its mother's womb. Beauty, chastity and piety, put under the hammer, and sold to the highest bidder. God's revealed will, obliterated by those who profess to revere it. The owners of slaves infuriated and demoralized by the system, until they look upon their equal fellow-man as less than a brute. The soil mildewed, withered and blasted by the system. Labor, elsewhere honorable, rendered disreputable and infamous. The Church corrupted to its very core, and the law of God made of no effect by the traditions and teachings of pro-slavery ministers. Public sentiment, perverted, that evil is called good, and good evil. The press bribed to defend Slavery, by the very money of which the slave has been robbed. Politics subservient only to the exaltation of Slavery, and the rewarding of its champions. The mercantile spirit so depraved, that men turn defenders of Slavery to sell their wares. Literature debased, or shackled, so that even the novel writer dare not allow his fancy to image any object repugnant to the feelings of a slaveholder. Half the continent obliterated from the mass to every man at the North who does not leave his freedom behind him. The cause of liberty wounded in the house of its friends. Religion made a scandel and a reproach. What is wealth with such a system? Can it compensate for the want of true virtue? Will profession stand in the place of practice? Will a pretended zeal for liberty, atone for Slavery? O, ye who love your country! prove it by seeking to remove this curse. I do not underrate your greatness as a nation. I know your power, and your resources. I know that you are exalted in arts, invincible in arms, powerful in political relations, fearless of invasion, resistless in energy, and ambitious of a destiny the proudest ever achieved by any nation. But neither wealth, nor arts, nor arms, nor high ambition, can save you as a nation, if you nurture this serpent in your bosom. Your enemies are not external. Your enemy is at home; it is within the borders of your Union. Would you be great, hasten to be just. Would you be safe, hasten to undo the heavy burden. Would you win reputation, put on righteousness, and let it clothe you; let your judgment be as a robe and a diadem. Fear God, and then you need have no other fear.

What constitutes a State?
Not high raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick wall or moated gate
Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad armed formed,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;
Not spurred and spangled courts
Where low-bred baseness wafts perfume to pride
No: MEN, high-minded MEN,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest brede or dew,
As beasts excel cold rocks or brambles rude
Men who their *duties* know,
But know their rights, and knowing dare maintain
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant, while they rend the chains:
THESE CONSTITUTE A STATE.

I know I have drawn a gloomy picture of the state of your country in relation to Slavery: but let it not be supposed I feel any despondency respecting the progress of the Anti-Slavery cause. Whatever discourages other minds, is to mine the evidence of the power, vitality, and future success of the mighty principle we are laboring to put into the souls of the people. Have faith in that principle. The great Astronomer, who was made to recant his theory of the earth's motions, before the inquisitions, whispered when he left the chamber, "It moves still." Do thousands of voices in Faneuil Hall echo the anathema of Mr. Choate—"Let the Anti-Slavery cause be accursed." What then? "It moves still." Do Senators and Secretaries take counsel with the President to defeat this holy enterprize? "It moves still." Do men who set up for public instructors seek to inflame the passions of a mob, and stir them up to deeds of violence and blood? "it moves still." Are there those in this city, who would gratify the slave peger by uprooting every sentiment of justice, and extinguishing the last spark of pity for the slave? Look round this hall. "It moves still." Do your representatives in Congress pass laws making compassion a crime and obedience to God treason to the State? "It moves still." Yes, and should every standard-bearer in the field be struck down, should every lip be silenced, and every pen be palsied, should every abolitionist in the land be led to the scaffold or the stake, it would move still. See you not the hand of God behind it? Hear ye not the voice of Him who spoke out of the burning bush, "I have seen the oppressions of my people, and have come down to deliver them." Put down the Anti-Slavery agitation! The mandate comes a day too late. They should have carried away the bell, before the alarm was rung. The beacon-fire has blazed. You extinguish it in vain now, for it has been seen by all the country round. Mobs, newspaper articles, exclusive dealing, tarring schoolteachers, and ducking missionaries, are all too late. Put down the cause! Try first what impression a brickbat will make upon an idea. Put it down by hard names! why, the Being who is worshipped as the Redeemer of the world was said to have a devil: but the devils themselves knew better, and believed and trembled. Let us have faith in principle, and all will be well. And now, who amongst this vast assembly will join this holy cause? Do you ask, "what will be our wages?" I will tell you. For the present you shall have sneers, taunts, reproaches, curses. You shall be branded as fanatics, infidels, disunionists and traitors. You shall be scorned by the politician, hated by the oppressor, and it may be, cast out of the church. Will you join. If you will, it must be without stipulation, as to time, weather, reputation or success. You must enlist for the war, and your motto must be—"duty is ours, consequences are God's." Will you join? Do you want some encouragement? Then listen. While you labor to make others free, you shall be free yourselves. Labor and opposition shall make you strong. Sympathy with the slave shall open the holiest fountains of your soul. The discharge of your duty shall give you a peaceful and approving conscience. The blessing of the perishing shall be yours. A cloud of beatified witnessess shall cheer you on your course. Dying, you shall know that you have not lived in vain. Rising to judgment, you shall be told that what you did, you did unto Christ: and forever, you shall rejoice that you chose the better part, and lived and labored on earth for bleeding humanity. Will you join? If you will, then let me say unto you, that you are about to join a cause that is as sure to triumph, as that Infinite goodness and Infinite power will accomplish the predictions which point to the redemption of man from the oppression of his fellow. Ascend with me the Pisgah of Promise.

Muse! take the harp of Prophecy: Behold!
The glories of a brighter age unfold.
Friends of the outcast, view the accomplished plan,
The negro towering to the height of man.
Tyrants and slaves no more this land shall see,
For God created all his children free;
Now, Justice, leagued with mercy from above,
Shall reign in all the liberty of love,
And this broad land, the Empress of the West,
Shall sit enthroned the region of the blest

Amen! so it surely shall be!

I leave your beautiful and hospitable city on the morrow. What can I say to give emphasis to that word with which I must conclude this address? I came to you a stranger and I have been treated with more than the kindness due to a friend. I was heralded as a foe to your country and unworthy even of the courtesies of life, and you have proved your superiority to the influence of slander and abuse, by giving me, first your candid attention, and finally your approving applause. Oh, I can afford to forgive those who would have provided for me a far different reception, for I believe I owe many of my friends to them. Let them learn from the spectacle of to-night that the noble citizens of Rochester hear before they strike. I shall bear with me an ineffaceable recollection of the magnanimity, the generosity, and the high sense of justice which distinguish the people of this city. More than twenty years ago, I commenced, in fear and trembling, the advocacy of the claims of the wronged and bleeding slave. I gave my first lecture in the venerable city of Rochester, in Old England. Never can I forget the kindness with which I was there cherished and encouraged in my arduous work. The good people of that city gave me their "God speed," and it has followed me to the Rochester of the New World. Am I presumptuous, when I express the belief, that I shall bear with me from this Rochester also a "God speed" in my labors to hasten the day of your country's brightest glory—the day that shall see the last slave spring to his feet a man and a brother, leaving his manacles to perish on the earth? Citizens of Rochester, let me thank you, as I believe you would have me do—by greater fidelity in the cause of truth—by firmer faith in its divine and mighty power—by a more enlarged sympathy with the bondman—and by loving still the country whose people have thus kindly treated me. I cannot sit down without thanking the worthy proprietor of this most beautiful hall for his conduct throughout the whole of the proceedings with which I have been identified. Acts most unworthy have been resorted to, to influence him to refuse to me the use of this building. He has been proof against those acts, and has allowed me the benefit (no small one) of inviting the public into this place. In so doing he has merited and has my warmest gratitude, and has deserved, as I am sure he will receive, the commendation and support of his fellow-citizens.

And now, with a heart whose prayer shall be, that this people may exemplify that righteousness which exalteth a nation, and, in the maintenance of impartial freedom at home, secure the admiration and respect of all other lands, I pronounce, with more feeling than I can express, the word—FAREWELL!

CASSIUS M. CLAY is running as a Candidate for Governor in Kentucky and has issued the following Address:

TO THE FREEMEN OF KENTUCKY.

*"Compromise"—The Fugitive Slave Law—Emancipation.*

I know of no power under the Constitution of the United States by which any such thing as a "Compromise" can be made. I know no power by which one Legislature can make a law binding upon all future Legislatures, unless where rights, or privileges, or immunities are vested in individuals, or Corporations, or States, in consideration of an equivalent. There is no power in the Legislature in other cases to control the action of future Legislatures. The whole is an usurpation whereby individuals presume to be superior to the Constitution. Laws made in accordance with the Constitution ought to stand or fall on their merits, and be altered or abolished according to the exigencies of circumstances and times.

Laws, made in violation of the Constitution, are null and void, when so declared by the proper Courts, and until so declared, should be executed by all good men.

The Fugitive Slave Law is regarded as unconstitutional, because there is no power in Congress to pass laws upon the subject of fugitive slaves at all. Sec. 2 clause 3, U. S. C. is: "No person held to service or labor in one State under the laws thereof, escaping into another, shall, in consequence of any law or regulation therein, be discharged from such service or labor; but shall be delivered up on claim of the party to whom such service or labor may be due." Sec. 8 specifically names all the powers granted to Congress, and gives such additional power as is *necessary* to carry into execution the powers named. Now in all those 18 clauses there is not the slightest allusion to fugitive slaves!—Article 10 of amendments is: The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively or to the people." Hence there is no power over slaves in the Constitution whatever, James Madison and Roger Sherman, the leaders of the liberal party, were "not willing to allow that man could hold property in men," while the friends of Slavery, on the other hand, were equally opposed to any power over slaves being vested in the National Legislature.

The power to suppress insurrections, it is true, touches Slavery: but even that would not have been granted, had it not been necessary to the existence of all governments.

The power over fugitives from service, then, is one of those powers "prohibited to the States" entirely negative, and binding on the States in their sovereign capacity. All that the claimant of a slave can ask of the States is that none be allowed to obstruct the capture of the slave, and all the national government can do, is to allow her courts to give redress in case of such obstruction, and in this opinion, it seems that Daniel Webster concurred up to his late speech in the Senate of the United States.

The attempt to compel the freemen of the North to become slave catchers, and the nonslaveholders of the South and North, to bear the expense of bringing back slaves, is not a power vested in the United States. The language is that they be "*delivered up*,"—*not brought back*.

What right has Congress to compel us to pay for the return of the slave, more than to force the owners of slaves to pay for the return of a stray horse?

On the minor objections to the law—such as refusing trial by jury and testimony in self-defence, even where the alleged fugitive is a freeman—the unequal contest of State sovereignty, where jurisdiction is transferred to the side of Slave States—the questionable right of Congress to give the power over the liberties of freemen to Commissioners, who are not "inferior Courts" under the Constitution—I shall not speak. I only venture to say that the clause which gives a bribe of a *double* salary to declare against the liberty of the defendant claimed as a slave, would disgrace any code of law—the magnitude of its injustice being only overlooked in the accumulated wrongs and usurpations of Slavery!

The issue, then, which is attempted to be put, by eminent persons and parties, to the people of Kentucky—to dissolve the Union in case such a law is repealed—I am ready to meet now, and at all times. The passage of an unjust or unconstitutional law shall not drive me from my allegiance and submission to the American Union, far less shall the repeal of such a law force me into treason and civil war! I am not only for the Union—repeal or no repeal—but for the Union, Slavery or no Slavery!

While I have thus far frankly avowed my sentiments upon this incidental question, I now declare for the benefit of all Emancipationists who have any heart in the cause, that they need not be deterred from joining the party, on account of my "ultras," for while in discussion, I shall range through all topics, which may add force to argument, or light to just conclusions. I shall, so far as I am concerned, make the basis of the party, the single issue of Emancipation upon the soil, by the insertion into the Constitution, a clause, that after a fixed day, all persons born in Kentucky shall be free.

And upon that point, I hope to be heard, on the stump in every county in the State.

I ask liberal editors of all parties to give this an insertion in their papers, for which I will be ready, on demand, to pay.

I claim the honor of being ever a loyal citizen of the Commonwealth. C. M. CLAY.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Without Concealment....Without Compromise.

*NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL* 10, 1851.

## Seventeenth Anniversary
OF THE
## AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

By the 8th article of the Constitution, it is provided that "the Annual Meeting of the Society shall be held each year at such time and place as the Executive Committee may direct." Hitherto, since the formation of the Society, the annual meeting has been uniformly held in the city of New York, and usually in the Broadway Tabernacle. So absolute, however, is the sway of the Slave Power in this city, and such the fear of mobocratic excesses, (stimulated by "THE UNION COMMITTEE" on the one hand, and the lawless RYNDERS and his crew on the other,) that no meeting-house or hall, in this great city, can be procured, either for the love of liberty or for gold, for the accommodation of the Society. Neither in the adjacent city of Brooklyn can any suitable building be obtained for this purpose.

Leaving these cities to the historical infamy which awaits them, the Executive Committee, in accordance with the urgent request of the friends of impartial liberty in Western New York, hereby give notice that the Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society will be held at SYRACUSE, (N. Y.) on WEDNESDAY, May 7th, commencing at 10 o'clock, A. M.—at which time and place they earnestly invite a full attendance of its members and friends; believing that the crisis is such, in the conviction of every intelligent mind, both as to the preservation of our own liberties and the emancipation of the millions who are still clanking the fetters of Slavery, as to render needless any special appeal.

It is with great pleasure the Committee announce that their distinguished and eloquent coadjutor, GEO THOMPSON, M. P., has promised to give his attendance, and participate in the proceedings. The Rev THEODORE PARKER, of Boston, has also signified his intention to be with us on the occasion, if practicable, as well as other able advocates of "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY." A series of meetings, of the most interesting and stirring character, may be confidently expected. Much reliance is placed on the readiness and determination of the friends of the cause at the West to improve this opportunity to commune with their brethren from the East.

In behalf of the Executive Committee,
WM. LLOYD GARRISON, *President*
WENDELL PHILLIPS, } *Secretaries*
SYDNEY HOWARD GAY, }

☞ Editors of papers are respectfully requested to notify their readers of the time and place of holding this Anniversary.

### SLAVERY IN BOSTON

THE hope deferred which maketh the heart sick is a complaint under which the slaveholders are determined not to suffer. They are not at all disposed to leave things to take their own course with the expectation that 'something will turn up,' but preferring certainty, even a certainty of evil, to a sickening hope of good, they force affairs to positive and immediate results. If the right and privilege of a free hunting-ground, through all the North, for men and women whom they choose to claim as their bond-people, is to be denied them they want to know it; or if northern people are not disposed to grant this, and spurn also the law which would compel them to do that work to which, even among slaveholders, no honorable man will stoop, and which is left altogether in the hands of the neediest ruffians and blackguards,—this also they want to know. We honor them for this determination. Between them and the Abolitionists there is, at least, always this one point of agreement—a disposition to fix precisely the position of the people. This done now or at any time, and we can better measure how far eighteen years of labor has brought the cause, and how much yet remains to be done.

The best way to test a question or a principle is to apply to it an extreme case. In pursuance, therefore, of their determination to know the worst, the slaveholders choose Boston as their hunting-ground, as the only place of prominence where any doubt rests upon the settlement of the great question in dispute. They have tested and are satisfied with Philadelphia; there, not only men, but women and children, nay the child unborn, are 'rendered up' to those whom they 'owe service.' Ay! the child stirring beneath its mother's bosom is bound by Constitutional compromises to be born a slave! Philadelphia thus pledges herself in the very spirit of prophecy for the future as well as for the present. New York, as far as she has had opportunity, has also avowed how base she can and will be in any extremity. The South knows very well that there is nothing she can ask of this city that will not be granted. Tyranny, in her most wanton humor and rampant mood, can invent nothing too absurdly or horribly wicked that this shop-keeping and peddling community will not accomplish with the liveliest alacrity. If Philadelphia will surrender to the demand of the slave-hunter the unborn babe to be born a slave, the New York Union Committee, we verily believe, wanting the opportunity thus to show their submission, would, if required, create the opportunity by begetting children of fugitive slave women. Boston also must be brought to terms, or made to assume a position openly hostile to the Union itself.

Accordingly since the heroic Crafts openly defied the Government and its myrmidons, no effort has been spared to arrest a fugitive-slave in Boston. Shadrach was the first victim, but he escaped. A second is now seized, and on the result of this case, all parties must feel, much is depending.

Ere this paper comes before our readers that result, whatever it may be, will be known, and whatever speculations or reflections we may now make upon an expected event may be set at nought by the event accomplished. That the man will be surrendered to his master seems, however, quite certain; but that he cannot peaceably be taken out of Boston seems no less positive. Should the decision of the Court be successfully resisted we shall rejoice at it provided it be the resistance of men, unarmed but determined that no slave shall be taken from Mass., except over their bodies. Such a resistance would be a revolution the noblest the world ever saw, and it would, we cannot doubt, be effectual. We can hardly believe that armed citizen-soldiers would ride over and cut down their fellow-citizens standing and braving death with calm but desperate resolution lest a man should be taken from among them and made a slave. But this Christian opposition, this moral resistance to the brute violence of arbitrary power we fear we shall not see.

We dread to hear that the Government and the people have been brought into collision in quite another way. We dread it not so much from any fixed principle that the shedding of blood can never be justified as from a firm persuasion that forcible resistance to the fugitive slave-law is inexpedient. Individually, with our present feelings, we would rather die, or be the death of any number of scoundrel Marshals, than be a slave. Forcible resistance to our own enslavement we should hold to be both right and expedient. But the question assumes quite another aspect when the whole community becomes involved, and it is the blood of numbers, perhaps a brief civil war, on one side, and the possible freedom of a single man on the other.—Forcible resistance drags along with it always a long train of evils, of longer or shorter duration, the infliction of which is never justified except upon the plea that they may be suffered with the certainty or the reasonable hope of the abolition of some giant wrong. But when the resistance brings with it not simply these minor-wrongs, but serves to fasten upon a suffering people the very gigantic wrong which it was intended to remove, then it becomes not merely inexpedient and injudicious, but absurd. As between ourselves and a Government we may choose between Slavery and the penalty of being free; we may not in the hope of our own, or the freedom of any one man, jeopard the hope of achieving the freedom of many.

As Disunionists, therefore, we do not believe that the character of the Anti-Slavery enterprise is changed by the enforcement of a more stringent law for the rendition of fugitives. That character is purely moral, and, resting on the Christian philosophy for its basis, our best hope of success lies in maintaining that character. But if we are not Disunionists, and are still willing to maintain a Union and Constitution which creates a legal obligation to return the fugitive, we cannot, in good faith, seek any other remedy for the arbitrary manner in which that obligation is enforced, than one which is completely peaceful and legal. Any other measure is in fact Disunion, and that end is far more easy of attainment, as well as more honorable, by appeals to the conscience and the good sense of the people than by an appeal to the sword and the bayonet.

In the heat and excitement of the moment, in view of the possible fact of making a man, free by his own act, a slave, it may be while we write the policy of violent resistance prevails in Boston. Should it be so, the result, it seems to us, cannot but be disastrous to the cause of Liberty. We shall mourn over the change of issue between us and our opponents. It is now simply Liberty or Slavery. It will be made by them Rebellion or Order. Instead of volunteering as slave-catchers, instead of, in that behalf, riding over and butchering their fellow-citizens, who love liberty more than they fear death, the upholders of the law will appear as the champions of all law, and will appeal to the people, in a new cause. Unfortunately, too many of the people will be glad under such a plea to rally, in defence of the old issue. The Anti-Slavery Cause has not yet the strength to sustain the weight of an armed Revolution. With the sword one cannot chase a thousand, or two put ten thousand to flight.

### ANOTHER ARREST IN BOSTON.

ON Friday evening last another arrest of an alleged fugitive slave was made in Boston. A man by the name of Sims was seized by officers Allen and Bateman, as he at first supposed for some disorderly conduct; but on learning that it was on a charge of being a fugitive slave, he drew a knife and stabbed Bateman and attempted to escape. He was however seized and taken to the Court House. A full relation of all the details will be found in the letter of our Boston Correspondent and in addition we publish below the evidence on the trial as given in the Boston papers.

At 10 o'clock this morning, the Commissioner came into the United States Court room; agreeably to adjournment. The prisoner was soon after brought in and placed at the bar.

Mr. List addressed the Commissioner, and stated that he was requested to move for a postponement till 11 o'clock, as Mr. Loring was unwell. Mr. Sewall was engaged in the Supreme Court, and he (List) had sent for Mr Rantoul, who said that he would see Mr. Sewall; but did not know whether he could come into court or not.

Mr. Thomas said, under the circumstances of this case, he moved that under the rule of the Circuit Court, the number of counsel in this case may be limited, and so far as the rule goes that it be enforced.

Mr. Rantoul came in, and said that Mr. Loring was obliged to leave the city to fulfil an engagement made long since, but he did not ask for a delay in the examination, but intended and wished to be present at the argument.

'In relation to the motion of the opposite counsel, he had no objection to applying the rule limiting the number to two who should address the court.

The Commissioner said that the rule referred to would be applied to this case.

Mr. Thomas now proposed to offer the first witness called yesterday for cross-examination.

Mr. Barnett called and cross-examined—Am 24 years old; about sixteen months ago I first went to Savannah to reside; Mr. Bacon first spoke to me about coming here; he said he wanted me to come as a witness to identify the prisoner; don't know what compensation I am to have for coming here; was to be under no expense for passage money; but was to pay my own expenses after reaching New York; and while here; didn't make up my mind whether I should go back as far as New York; they asked me to come on; and as I was coming on about the time, I came on now to oblige Mr. Bacon; no amount was mentioned which I was to receive; if Mr. Potter should take notice of the fact of my doing my duty, and should give me anything, I should take it; nothing farther was said that I recollect; Mr. Bacon said enough to lead me to think that Mr. Porter might do something in case the prisoner was sent back. They have promised me nothing more than what I have received for my passage money—They told me before starting, that it would be no benefit to me: that my expenses would amount to more than I should probably receive—that I should probably be out of pocket. After I had agreed to come, Mr Bacon told me what I have testified to. I know Mr James Potter personally. Have seen him in the city of Savannah, and at his plantation ten or eleven miles from Savannah. Was at his plantation for the purpose of putting up eight or ten negro houses. First knew the prisoner in Savannah about ten months ago, at a fancy dress ball. He was there in the character of a sailor, and I was there as a spectator. Don't remember of ever having heard the prisoner called by the name of Santina, nor do I remember of having heard his mother called by that name; but it sounds something like a name I have heard her called. Came on in the steamer Alabama, in company with Mr Bacon and Mr. DeLyon, and another person. Mr. Bacon resides in Savannah, and have known him over twelve months. Have seen the prisoner in various parts of Savannah, at work on buildings in company with me.

Mr. Bacon recalled.

Mr. Rantoul objected to the admissibility of this witness, on the ground that he was the attorney of the claimant, and as such, was a party interested.

The Commissioner said he had no doubt in regard to the matter, and if the counsel chose, he could reserve the point for argument.

Mr. Rantoul said he should then reserve the point.

Mr. Bacon was shown the power of attorney put into the case, and asked by Mr. Thomas if he know the signature to the document.

Mr. Rantoul thought the signature and document was to be proved in Georgia and not here.

Mr. Thomas proposed to prove by this witness that he was acquainted with the hand writing of Robert M. Charlton, before whom the power was acknowledged, and that Mr. Charlton was not in this State.

Mr. Rantoul said that if the result of certain proceedings before the Court in Georgia were to be conclusive here, he thought that if a defect in those proceedings was established, such defect must prove fatal.

Mr. Thomas could not account for the difficulty under which the counsel labored, from the supposition that he had not read the act with sufficient care.

Mr. Thomas said, that yesterday the excuse was, that time was wanted to examine the act—the act was said yesterday by the counsel to be a new one, and needed much examination. He was glad to learn that the gentleman had carefully read the act. (Laughter.)

Witness Bacon to Mr. Thomas—Know Robert M. Charlton; he resides in Savannah; know his handwriting perfectly well: the signature to this power of attorney is that of Mr Charlton; the prisoner is the identical person named in the power of attorney as owing service and labor.

Cross-examined—Have resided in Savannah some twenty years; know the prisoner; as I remarked yesterday, have known him for ten years, and with the same propriety I might say fifteen years; I was employed by Mr. Potter to come on, but whether I get anything for it or not is another question; he did not tell me what compensation I should receive for coming on.

Mr. Rantoul—Mr. Bacon, you being acquainted with this sort of property, can you tell us about how much the prisoner is worth at Savannah?

Mr. Thomas objected to the question.

Mr Rantoul wished the inquiry to be answered, as it might tend to show motive and interest on the part of the witness.

The Commissioner said that the inquiry might be proper if it should be first shown that the witness was interested in the result of this case.

The Commissioner did not think the question relevant or pertinent in regard to this witness, as he had already purged himself of any interest in the matter.

Mr. Rantoul wished the question reserved for argument, and proposed to state the grounds of his objection to the insufficiency of the power of attorney, either at this time or any other, as the court might choose.

The Commissioner—If you propose to argue the question now, you must argue it finally.

Mr. Rantoul did not propose to argue the question at this time, but only to state his objections. He wished with all due deference, to argue the point before a Judge of the U. S. Court, if an opportunity could be obtained.

John Ball called and testified that he resides in Boston, and is a seamen. Knows the prisoner; have seen him in Savannah; we sailed from Savannah on a Friday; the last trip we made was from Savannah in M. J. C. Gilmore, about the last of January, and arrived in Savannah, about the beginning of February; the vessel remained there twenty days; saw the prisoner come alongside; I was sitting on the galley talking with our steward; the prisoner came alongside, and asked me if I wanted a cook; I told him no; the next I saw of him was in the harbor here, just after we came in sight of Boston Light; I was aloft furling the sails; one of the men went down into the forecastle with a lantern; soon after the man called me, and I saw the prisoner in the forecastle; I told the Captain we had a prize.

Cephas J. Ames called—Resides in Barnstable; am a seaman; my last trip was to Savannah; as we came in sight of Boston Light, on our return to this port, took a lantern and went into the forecastle; the first thing I heard was a voice—"Have we got up?" It rather startled me at first, but I soon saw that young man (pointing to the prisoner) and said to him, "Who are you?" I then took hold of his nose and said, "Come out of that, any how;" he came out pretty quick; Captain Eldridge was called, and the prisoner was put in the run; we came up to the city, and the harbormaster ordered us to go off into the stream; we did this, and afterwards found that he was most frozen, and I put him in the cabin and locked him in; next morning he was gone, and the small boat was gone also; subsequently I saw him on the wharf, and he told me that he took his knife and unscrewed the lock of the door of the cabin, and put off in the boat; he also said he was not a slave; that his father bought him when he was six months old, and left his free papers at Savannah.

Cross-examined.—Prisoner told me that no one but God and himself knew when he went aboard the vessel.

Kimball Eldridge testified that his last trip was from Savannah, in the vessel which had been named. The first I saw of the prisoner was on board my vessel near Boston Light. The prisoner is the man. On our way to this port, we anchored in Chatham Bay, but no person came on board from the shore; prisoner told me that he came on board the vessel the night before we left Savannah; he also told me he was not exactly a slave. [Witness further testified to some of the facts stated by the two last witnesses.]

Cross-examined.—Asked him who his master was, and some other questions, but could get no answer from him.

M. S. De Lyon called, and testified that he knew Robert M. Charlton; resides in the city of Savannah, and knows Mr. Charlton's hand writing.

[The power of attorney was here shown, and the signature of Mr Charlton identified by witness.]

Cross-examined.—Came here with Mr. Bacon; don't know what compensation I am to receive; Mr. Bacon told me I should be paid for my trouble; am a police officer for the county, and a part of my business is to catch runaway negroes, as well as white people.

Mr. Sewall inquired if he came here to arrest any others?

The Commissioner ruled that the question was not admissible.

To Mr. Sewall.—I received $350 from the legal counsel of Mr. Potter, to pay any expense which we might incur. I brought a letter of credit upon Mr. John H. Pearson. No amount was named in the letter.

The testimony for the claimant here closed.

Mr. Sewall here read the certificate of Thomas Power, clerk of the Police Court, to the effect that Thomas Simms was under recognizance from that Court to appear as a witness in the Municipal Court; and the question now was whether the rights of this State should be overruled by the claim of Mr. Potter.

The Commissioner stated that when any communication was made to him from the authorities relative to the matter, he would hear it, but at present he could not take any action in the matter referred to by Mr. Sewall.

Mr. Sewall put in the following affidavit of the prisoner:—

Thomas Simms, alias Joseph Santina, on oath declares that he was born at St. Augustine, Florida; that he has been free, as he can remember: that his free papers were left by him, many years ago, with Morris Porter, of Savannah, who now probably has them: that these free papers were obtained in St. Augustine by his father, a Spaniard. He further says that he never knew or heard of such a person as James Potter, who now claims him as his slave, till this morning.

his
THOMAS ✕ SIMMS.
mark.

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS.

SUFFOLK, ss.—Subscribed and sworn to by said Simms before me. S. E. SEWALL,
April 4, 1851. Justice of Peace.

Mr. Rantoul then stated the points of defence to be as follows:—

The denial of the right of the claimant in delivery of the prisoner under the process will rely upon the following points:—

That the power which the commissioner is called upon in this procedure to exercise, is a judicial power, and one that could be otherwise lawfully exercised only by a judge of the United States Court, duly appointed, and that the commissioner is not such a judge.

That the procedure if a suit between the claimant and the captive, involving an alleged right of property on one hand, and the right of personal liberty on the other, and that either party, therefore, is entitled to a trial by jury; and that the law which purports to authorize the delivery of the captive to the claimant, denying him the privilege of such trial, and which he here claims under judicial process, is unconstitutional and void.

That the transcript of testimony taken before the magistrates of a State court in Georgia, and of the judgment thereupon by such magistrates, is incompetent evidence; Congress having no power to confer upon State courts, a magistrate's judicial authority to determine, conclusively or otherwise, upon the effect of evidence to be used in a suit pending to be tried in another State or before another tribunal.

That such evidence is also incompetent: the captive was not represented at the taking thereof, and had no opportunity for cross-examination.

That the statute under which this process is instituted is unconstitutional and void, is not within the powers given to Congress by the constitution, and because it is opposed to the express provision thereof.

Mr. Thomas thought the only question now for the commissioner to decide was, whether one Thomas Simms did owe service and labor as alleged in the complaint, and whether the prisoner was that person. The points stated by the counsel on the opposite side, all related as he viewed them, to the constitutionality of the law, and not to the question at issue before the Commissioner.

The Commissioner stated that he felt that it was his duty, if the counsel for the defence desired and insisted upon it, to hear them upon the points by them stated.

Mr. Rantoul stated that much time would be required by the counsel, in preparation for arguing the several points which he had stated, and hoped that a delay until Thursday next would be granted.

Mr. Thomas objected to so long a delay, on the grounds of its being a longer time than was necessary, and the great expense to the parties, as well as to government in employing a large number of officers to maintain public peace.

The Commissioner decided that under all the circumstances of the case, taking into consideration the fact that the defence had no testimony to put in as to the facts, and that by the testimony already adduced, a *prima facia* case had been made out by the government, he should postpone a further hearing only until Monday next, at 12 o'clock M., which delay, he thought, would afford sufficient time to the counsel to prepare their arguments.

The Court then adjourned until Monday next, at 12 o'clock M.

INCIDENTS.

After the crowd which gathered in Court square last evening had dispersed, four or five negroes who had been loitering about the square throughout the day and evening, continued to remain in the vicinity, and about two o'clock this morning demanded admission into the armory of the New England Guards, in Franklin avenue, where that corps were quartered for the night. They were told that there was nothing for them to see, and as they had no business there at that late hour, they had better retire. This the negroes refused to do, and continued to annoy the company, and cause so much disturbance, that Capt. Bradlee and Lieut. Col. Boyd called upon the watchmen, who arrested and committed two of the number, named Charles S. and Isaac H. Snowden, upon whose persons were found pistols with powder and ball, and a large carving knife, ground sharp on both edges, with an artificial hilt around the blade next to the handle. These two colored men were brought before the police court this morning, for examination, when Messrs. Phillips, Norris, and others of the Vigilance Committee, appeared for the defendants.

As early as 8 o'clock this morning a few persons began to gather round the Court House, and upon the side walks opposite. The numbers increased to some two or three hundred by 10 o'clock, but every thing was quiet and orderly. Colver, Parker, Phillips, and others of the abolitionists, who counselled a mass meeting in that vicinity this morning, for the purpose of obstructing the execution of the laws, were seen in and about the Court House, but the masses who were to be there were absent. The crowd was composed mainly of the loafer class, with here and there a stranger from the country, attracted to the spot by a curiosity to know what was going on.

Quite a number of colored persons were present in the crowd, the most of whom demeaned themselves in a quiet and orderly manner. Two or three let their feelings get the master over their good judgment, and indulged in language to the policemen on duty, which rendered it necessary to take them into custody, which was quietly done.

Up to 1 o'clock every thing around the Court House remained quiet. A hundred or two persons were hanging about the Court House on the side walks. The appeals of the leading fanatics to the mob-spirit have evidently passed unheeded.

Several ill-disposed persons watched this morning for the appearance in the street of the three gentlemen from Georgia, who are witnesses in this case, and upon their approaching the vicinity of the Court House, a mob gathered and surrounded them, evidently with the intention of taunting and annoying them, if for no worse purpose.

Officers interfered, and the three strangers entered the Court House without further molestation.

In alluding to this demonstration of a gang of rowdies, one of the gentlemen remarked that he did not believe the mob was composed of citizens of Boston, for they didn't look like residents of this city.

The *Boston Mail* of Monday gives the following statement of the state of things there on that day:—

MILITARY UNDER ARMS.—THE U. S. NAVY YARD NOT TO BE USED AS A PRISON.—The whole of the first Regiment of Volunteer Infantry, under command of Col. Holbrook, has been ordered to be in readiness to prevent any breach of the public peace, or an attempt to rescue the fugitive slave, Thomas Simms, now confined in the court house.

The Pulaski Guards, Capt. Wright, of South Boston, were under arms during Saturday, and the City Guards, Capt. Thompson, during Saturday night. They were relieved by the Massachusetts Volunteers, Cap. Poore, at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. Capt Poore was relieved, last evening, by the Warren Light Infantry, of Roxbury, who remained on duty during the night.

The fugitive remains in the Traverse Jury Room of the United States Court, in the third story at the west side of the court house, a room about 15 feet square, with the doors heavily barred with seven bars of two inch iron, and in the keeping of fourteen men, who remain with him constantly. The whole force in the building amounts to 50 men, all well armed, and all physically capable of contending

up the rails, follow the fugitive to the borders of the State if possible to rescue him. He counseled every colored man who had ever felt the chains of Southern oppression to fill his pockets with pistols, &c, and as far as he was able he would stand by their sides—the law for them was at an end. He urged the meeting to hold itself in readiness with all the means at its command to endeavor to stop to-morrow the execution of this statute. The Government and Legislature have refused us the means to try this issue, and we have the right to disobey it and meet the consequences. When priests and statesmen are traitors, the people must take up the reins.

The meeting here adjourned to Tremont Temple, where Rev. Theo. Parker was called up; he said that when he passed the Court House this morning, and saw the chains which encompassed it, he imagined that he was in Vienna, (and not in Boston,) under Martial Law and certainly not under the laws of New-England; he asked the meeting to pass the resolve, each for himself, that he would hold for evermore as infamous, any one who aids in the arrest or rendition of a Fugitive Slave. I am he said, ready to do it, and can see but little difference between the African kidnapper and the Boston kidnapper. There are at present three kidnappers in Boston; find them out and point at them as they pass in the street, make them sick of Boston. He understood, from good authority, that they were intending to arrest two more fugitives to-night; he urged the meeting to form themselves into a Vigilance Committee and keep a watch upon the movements of the bloodhounds.

A Scotchman named M'Clure denounced as a coward any man who would allow his arm to hang loosely by his side while a fugitive was being carried off. He committed no violence, he said, but soon after cried out, "Liberty or death—resistence to tyrants is obedience to God."

Rev. Mr. Colver next said that the law was so obnoxious and inhuman that he would trample it under his feet. He went for absolute disobedience; he also would counsel no violence, but he asked the assembly to meet to-morrow at the Court House in their strength, the people from the surrounding country, would be there, he would be there, and if his presence upon such an occasion was inconsistent with his clerical profession, he would unfrock himself. He denounced those of his brother ministers who had counselled obedience to the Fugitive Slave Law as traitors to their Country and their God, and called upon the meeting to again pass the resolutions passed at Faneuil Hall that Constitution or no Constitution, Law or no Law, no fugitive slave shall be carried out of Massachusetts.

After some further inflammatory speeches the meeting adjourned, with the undrstanding that they were to meet at 10 o'clock to morrow around the court house. Some of the speeches denounced Daniel Webster as a disgrace to his country—a villain—a traitor to the North, which was received with mingled hisses and cheers. The number present at the Temple was about 1,000, many of whom went there from curiosity.

The court house is still surrounded with chains and guarded by a large body of police officers. The Fugitive is in a room in the third story, which is secured by six two-inch bolts upon the inside. Several military companies are at their armories in readiness for action in case of any disturbance or attempt at rescue; indeed, every precaution has been taken to prevent a second Shadrach affair.

*Nine o'clock.*—The city remains in an excited state. The square round the court house has been cleared once or twice of the crowd collected, by detachments of the City Watch, and one or two, who refused to stir, were taken into custody; the square, however, is again half full. Sixty resolute men guard the court house inside, and others are ready at the different watch-houses upon the least alarm. No blacks are to be seen abroad. Knots of men are collected all over the city discussing the matter. The great majority are in favor of obedience to the law. The agent of the owner refuses to sell the slave; his orders are to take him out of Massachusetts, to test the law.

Hon. Robert Rantoul.—It will be seen that this gentleman is one of the counsel for the alleged fugitive slave Sims, now on trial in Boston, although he has hitherto been known as one of the Old Line Democrats of Massachusetts. The following Resolutions were offered by him at a public meeting held at Lynn on the 2d instant, and will explain the new relations in which he is found:

*Resolved*, That the Constitution of the United States has not conferred upon Congress the power to enact any law, authorizing officers of the United States to determine the slavery or freedom of persons found within the territory of any State, and to carry them out of the State wherein they are found, to be held as slaves in another State. *Resolved*, That no person in any State of this Union can be lawfully deprived of his liberty without due process of law, which process in the case of an alleged fugitive from service, is a suit at common law wherein the fact, whether said fugitive was lawfully held to service in the State from which he is alleged to have escaped, shall be determined by a trial by jury. *Resolved*, That such trial by jury should precede the delivery into the hands of the party claiming him of such alleged fugitive, and should be had in the vicinity where the alleged fugitive is found. *Resolved*, That in the determination of the question of liberty, all presumptions of law and fact are and ought to be in favor of liberty. *Resolved*, That the Fugitive Slave Law enacted by the Congress, lately expired, contravening these principles, is unjust, unconstitutional, and in derogation of the fundamental maxims of the Government, and ought to be speedily and forever repealed.

Mr. Rantoul has been nominated as a candidate for Congress by the Democratic party of his District.

## Domestic Correspondence.

From Our Boston Correspondent.

NO. LXXVIII.

The Argument.—*The Day of our Calamities Come—Arrest of Sims—Slavecatching lies—The Bloodhound fastens on his Counsel—The Little Expounder on his trial—The Courthouse in chains—The Supreme Court pass under the Yoke—Chief Justice Wells—Slavecatching Supremacy—Refusal of Habeas Corpus — Why? — Prisoner's Counsel — The Witnesses—Cape Cod scoundrels—The embattled Shop-boys — Their imminent peril — Rise in the Brandy and Candy Market—Odd Coincidence—How much a Sheep is better than a Man—The Farce — Mr. Fletcher Webster's Night with the Charleys—The Tremont Temperance Meeting—Surveying the Streets—Insolence of the Lower Orders—Terrific Combat—Fate triumphant over valor —The ruffles—The cell—The Police Court, &c. &c.*

Boston, April 7th, 1851.

You will know before this letter reaches you that the day of our calamity and disgrace has at last come upon us. This evil day, which we had hoped had been far removed by the success of the glorious Fifteenth of February, was only postponed for a brief season. On Thursday night, another man claimed as a fugitive slave was arrested, after a resistance in which he slightly stabbed one of the slavecatchers in the groin. It is believed that he would have been rescued before he could be taken to the barracoon in the Court House had not the officers declared that he was arrested for stealing a watch. By thus clinching their ruffianism with a lie, the miscreants succeeded in securing their prey. It was soon extensively known, and apprehensions were felt lest the whole business might be hurried over at midnight, without giving him a chance to defend himself. Mr. Samuel E. Sewall, for demanding peremptorily, as it was his right and duty to do, as his counsel, to know if this were the case, was given in charge by Riley, the chief bloodhound, to the watch, and *committed to the watch house!* This was the first (or rather the second) proof of the omnipotence of the slavecatchers and their tools, which the Slavecatching Bill establishes over the whole Northern country. He was, however, soon discharged by the Captain of the Watch, upon understanding the state of the case.

The next morning (Friday) a fresh proof of the new despotism was made patent to all the lieges. Mr. Commissioner Curtis (more generally known as the Little Expounder) was put upon his trial before Thomas Sims (the alleged Slave) and the country, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Forewarned by the triumph of the gallant rescuers of Shadrach, the U. S. Marshal had called in the assistance of the Marshal of the City, who forthwith proceeded, as was aptly said, to put the Court House in chains. A strong chain was drawn around the building, with police officers stationed at intervals of four or five feet, to protect the Slavecatching gang from a Rescue! Of course, it is needless to say that these demonstrations were as much a work of supererogation as it would be should you draw a chain around your office and employ police officers to keep off the eager multitudes from rushing in to subscribe for the Standard. Such a *coup de main* as that so skilfully executed by the heroes of February must be, of its own nature, an impromptu. It does not admit of an *encore*. A forcible rescue, except by a fortunate accident, is an impossibility in such a place as Boston or New York In an inland town the case might be otherwise; and for that reason the attempt will probably be never made in one. But in the great cities the physical force is out of all proportion on the side of the slavecatchers. A rescue, like a war or a revolution by force of arms, is not justifiable except under circumstances which render success reasonably probable. This was the third manifestation of the profound submission of Boston to our Slaveholding masters.

A fourth was the requisition to which the four Judges of the Supreme Court were obliged to submit of passing under the yoke at the door of their own Court house, as a symbol of their submission to what, ever insult the safety or convenience of Slavery may demand. Chief Justice Wells of the Common Pleas made a partial resistence when he found his way obstructed to his Court, and ordered the chain to be removed. The policemen, however, strong in the "Higher Law" of Slavery, refused, and he had to bow his neck in inimitation of his more subservient superiors. A fifth mark of homage to our Sovereign Lord was the refusal of the Supreme Bench to grant a Writ of Habeas Corpus to the alleged Slave, on the ground that they had no jurisdiction in the case. Do those learned judges mean to affirm that no law can be passed by Congress of the constitutionality of which they will take notice? Their predecessors had no difficulty in construing the Constitution according to their views of its true intent, when President Madison undertook to order the militia of Massachusetts to march out of the State during the war of 1812. Suppose Congress should pass a law inflicting fine and imprisonment on all persons denying the doctrine of the Trinity, and all the Unitarian ministers in Boston should be arrested under it, would the Supreme Court refuse them their Habeas Corpus? And yet many jurists, some less not eminent than the Massachusetts judges, regard the law under which Sims is restrained of his liberty to be as grossly unconstitutional and void of legal obligation, as the case supposed, or any other supposable one. With all due deference to the Bench, they beg the entire question when they assume an act of Congress operating upon a person within the place of Massachusetts, to be Constitutional. That is the very question to settle which the Writ is asked, But "*inter arma leges silent*," as also "*voluntas principis lex est*." When a Court of Justice sits in fetters, surrounded by an armed body of men not amenable to them, and especially when the thing asked is plainly contrary to the will of the Prince of the land, the ancient and prescriptive safeguards of personal liberty must of course give way.

The prisoner received the voluntary assistance of Mr. Charles G. Loring, a counsellor of the very first eminence, and of the Hon. Robert Rantoul, whose political prominence has made his name familiar to your readers. They and Mr. Sewall have evinced a most honorable zeal, as well as great skill and acumen, in the management of the case. Mr. Loring (who is understood to have declined more than one opportunity of elevation to the Bench, and whose legal opinion is, beyond all question, of greater weight with the profession than that of any of the Supreme Court, with the exception, possibly, of the Chief Justice) very distinctly expressed his opinion that the Fugitive Slave Law is grossly unconstitutional. This question is to be argued on Monday, as the evidence of the condition of Sims will no doubt be considered as sufficient by the Commissioner. It consisted of that of the agent, of a witness brought on for the purpose, of a police officer and slavecatcher by profession, and of the Captain and mate of the Ship on board of which he made his escape. These two last kidnapping rascals, on their own showing, intended to keep Sims in confinement until they could carry him back again, *a la* John H. Pearson (who, by the way, is the worthy adviser and banker of this precious trio), had he not unscrewed the lock of the state-room where he was confined and made his escape from them. These two scoundrels, I am sorry to say, come from Cape Cod, where I trust a proper reception will await them, should they ever dare to show their faces there again. These fellows all swore point blank to every thing that could be desired; and, though the moral probability is that they all lied, it is not likely that the Commissioners will refuse to receive their testimony. Indeed, he said that a strong *prima facie* case was made out. The final decision of this matter will not probably be made before this letter must be posted; but you will in all likelihood be advised of it *aliunde*, as the lawyers say, before you go to press.

I should have told you of a sixth mark of homage paid to the Supreme Influence of the Nation by the City of Boston. I mean the calling out of a portion of the volunteer companies to keep guard about the Court House by night! I wish that there were spirit and life enough in Boston to justify Mayor Bigelow in thus causing the embattled shop-boys of Boston to exchange the yardstick for the musket, and to encounter the imminent peril (the only one they are ever likely to meet with) of catching cold. Perhaps he thought them entitled to this nocturnal frolic as a reward for the assistance they gave him in saving the Union from the clutches of George Thompson, on the evening of the Fifteenth of November. I apprehend, however, that the only practical result of this appeal to Arms and the God of Battles, if not the only one proposed, will be the raising the price of hot brandy and water and of hoarhound candy. I also forgot to mention in its proper place an odd coincidence connected with the refusal of the Writ of Habeas Corpus by the Supreme Court. Immediately after the application had been peremptorily, and somewhat crustily, refused, what think ye was the very next business that came up? The very next! *The legality of the impounding of certain sheep on the island of Nantucket!!!* Could Providence have arranged matters better if it had set itself to work for the express purpose, to illustrate the anomalies of American institutions? Verily, how much better (in the Model Republic) is a *Sheep* than a *Man!*

This tragedy of poor Sims has not been enacted without its accompanying farce. Judge of the consternation which overspread all Webster-Whigdom when it was announced on Friday morning that Mr. Fletcher Webster, the Son of the Godlike, the Heir (should he happen to leave anything) of the Expounder, the only Hope of the Defender, had been marched to jail, the night before, like Eugene Aram, "with gyves upon his wrist!" Locked up with the other "wanderers of the night" in the casket in Leverett street where Boston deposits her jewels for temporary safekeeping! The facts I understand to have been these: Mr. Fletcher Webster happened to be attending a Temperance Meeting, in company, it is said, with Marshal Devens and other loyal citizens, at the Tremont House. After the adjournment, as he had been Surveying the Port of Boston by day in his official capacity (his appointment to which was the Retaining Fee of his Sainted Sire), he thought it would be an agreeable variety to survey the streets of Boston by night, especially as he and his companions had just been refreshed by the news that another *nigger* had been caught for the glory of God and the Salvation of the Union. Just as he issued from the porch of the Hotel, the bell of King's Chapel, nearly opposite, began to ring for fire. Warm with patriotic zeal and Temperance fanaticism, it occured to him that it might be one of the Vigilance Committee rousing that district to the rescue. He accordingly entered the building and demanded of the bell-ringer "what he was about?" To which the other responded in curt Saxon that "it was none of his business!" Whereupon, the demi-Godlike aimed "his thunder" at the caitiff. But the caitiff, who was also, unluckily, a watchman, cloved with him, and, calling in his brother Charleys, carried the august prize to the watch house. But when there, feeling the force of ten Defenders in his single arm, he showed fight again, but was of course soon overpowered, and *ruffles* (very well *ironed*) put about his wrists. In spite of the entreaties of his friends, who offered any amount of bail for his release, he was marched off, handcuffed, to jail, whence he was brought the next morning, in the presence of an admiring crowd, to the Police Court for his purgation. Was it not admirably retributive that after he had interfered to fasten chains on the limbs of another, he should have found them locked upon his own?—D. V.

## Communications.

### GEORGE THOMPSON IN CANADA.

Toronto, U. C., April 5th, 1851.

*To the Editor of the Standard:*

You have doubtless received already the Toronto papers which contain full reports of the interresting Anti-Slavery meetings held here by George Thompson, F. Douglass, and S. J. May. They have been received by the citizens of Toronto with great cordiality and enthusiasm. The Anti-Slavery sentiment of England, and of the United States, was well represented by these gentlemen. From Great Britain, to speak to British subjects in Canada, came George Thompson. From the American Anti-Slavery Society, that veteran in the war of Freedom, Rev. Samuel J. May, and to speak for the bondmen as none other can speak, came the eloquent and talented Frederick Douglass.

I arrived, last evening, just in time to attend a very large and enthusiastic meeting in St. Lawrence Hall. It was thronged at an early hour, to hear Douglass speak upon the subject of Slavery, and upon the Fugitive Slave Law.

Dr. Willis, Professor of Theology, in the Free Church College, presided, with great ability. On the platform, were the Rev. John Roaf, Rev. Mr. McClure, Rev. Mr. Geike, Rev. Mr. Lillie, John H. Bolton, member of the Province Parliament, D. S. Howard, Esq., and several others of the most respectable and influential citizens of Toronto.

The President, Dr. Willis, called upon the Rev. Mr. Richardson to open the meeting with prayer, after which, he made a few introductory remarks; he complimented the United States very highly for everything except the Slavery they cherished, and expressed toward them feelings of the highest regard, he said: "We came to-night to speak and hear upon the subject of Slavery in the United States, but did not come as enemies of that country, we would desire its utmost prosperity, (great applause,) the cause should enlist the best sympathies of the lovers of the human race, and it is well for us Canadians with the true friends of liberty, the true-lovers of Washington in the United States to help rear the Standard of Universal Liberty." (Applause.) The President then introduced Mr. Douglass to the meeting, with a high compliment to his ability and character. Mr. Douglass was most enthusiastically received, and commenced his address by stating some facts in relation to the subject of American Slavery. "Though the free States" said Mr. Douglass, "have the numerical strength in the government, and could if they chose carry all questions in the Congress, yet the slave States invariably carry all their favorite measures. The excuses of the people of the free States that they have nothing to do with, and are not responsible for the Slavery in the South, are false and hypocritical. Should the slaves do as the boasted Fathers of the American Republic did, rise and demand by force their liberty which God gave them and of which they have been robbed, the entire military and naval force of the United States are by the Constitution and laws of the land bound to proceed instantly at any cost of life, to put down what they call "insurrection."—And who are responsible, if not they who pay and provide this military and naval force? The North and the free States are responsible for all this wrong and outrage. They could blot it out of existence if they would, but self-interest, in various ways, prevents their doing their duty.

In the South, the slaves are always held as property, in all things considered as property. The slaves rights as a *man* are never in the least degree recognized, it is always "who do you belong to?" as they might address a beast could the beast answer. The name of the slave is found as is the name of a favorite horse or other animal upon his master's ledger. But the slave is a man. A man! invested with all the rights with which God has invested any man capable of comprehending God his maker, and destined to an immortal existence and by the christians of the South and of the Free States, and by the laws of the land he is cut off from communion with the human race, and compelled to find companionship with the lowing ox and the neighing horse. But dark as is the lot of the slave yet he *knows* he is not a beast, but is as truly a man as his master. Nothing can make the Slave think that he is a beast, he feels the instincts of manhood within him at all times, and consequently there is a perpetual war going on between the master and slave, and to keep the slave down the whip and fetters are absolutely necessary. It has been truly said of the South, that from morning to night, and night to morning the slave-land is one scene of contest and of boisterous passion. I hated Slavery from the first of my recollection, I knew as soon as I could reason at all that it was wrong, and that made me restive beneath oppression, and in consequence I was often the recipient of the lash, but I continued to hate it until I escaped from bondage. (Great cheering.)

Among the evils of Slavery is the destruction of the marriage institution. Legal marriage among the slaves is not known at the South, for the slave has no legal rights, among the slaves are found many who are in the sight of God married, those whom He has joined together, who are faithful to each other, who are as virtuous as their white brothers and sisters at the North, and these dread more than bondage itself, separation from each other, and the blood recoils at the horrors of these separations, at the inexpressible agony and suffering consequent upon the sundering of these ties." Mr. Douglass then related a case in point, where a wife and husband were thus separated, and the husband finding that his purchaser was another than the master of his wife, in the agony of that moment, fell dead at the feet of his new master. This story caused a shudder to pass over the audience, and they seemed to look with a new horror over the vast field of human wrong and woe. Mr. Douglass continued to speak of the evils of the cursed system. "The slave," said Mr. Douglass, "the slave is made to work by the lash, for no other motive is placed before him, why should he work? he gets nothing for it, and is conscious that he is robbed of his wages. If all the whips, chains, cat-o-nine tails, pistols and bludgeons and means of torture in the slave States, were to-night annihilated, Slavery would also cease to be, and the slaves would rise and demand their rights and there is no power that could keep them down an hour, but it is force alone that keeps them in submission. I had for a master one of those 'kind hearted' slaveholders, Col. Loyd, he had the reputation of being a kind master; among the slaves was a man named 'Demby.' One day he was insolent (as the slaveholders call it) to the overseer, he had made some reply which the tyrant considered insolent, he was ordered up to be flogged. but instead of that he ran toward a creek on the plantation and going into the water refused to come out to be flogged, the overseer then ordered him to come out, and he still refused when the villain deliberately drew a pistol and shot him dead. Col. Loyd demanded an explanation of the overseer, and he told him that it was necessary he thought to kill Demby to set an example to the rest of the slaves Col. Loyd was satisfied with this, and to this hour that murderer has enjoyed an increased reputation as a good overseer, yet the churches and ministers of both the South and North uphold Slavery from the Bible. If their Slavery is sustained by the Bible, then does the Bible also sustain the scourging, the mangling, the tearing asunder of the dearest ties of life and murder also; for without force and cruelty Slavery could not exist.

The churches at the South are made up of slaveholders; the officers of the church are slaveholders, and at the North, with a few exceptions they are, both priests and churches, apologists of Slavery. At the South the Church and the Slave prison stand side by side, and above the sound of the preacher's voice and the singing of hymns of devotion, the agonizing cry of the slave is often heard. The Altar and the Auction Block are near each other, and those who minister at one purchase the flesh and blood of their Christian colored brother at the other, buy or sell the child away from its mother, the wife from the husband. Revivals of religion and revivals of the Slave Trade go hand and hand at the South.

The clergy of the South preach to the slaves from this text: "Servants be obedient to your masters," and enjoin upon them to obey their masters because it is the will of God! "How wonderful are the ways of God!" say they; "the white people, your masters, are not strong like you; the sun burns their fine skin; their hands are soft, and their fingers long and slim. The black man can bear the heat of the sun, and his hands are made large that he may work. He has not got so much brain as the white man, and can't think so well, and would'nt know how to take care of himself if he were free. How kind then in the Almighty to make one race to do no work but do all the thinking, and the other to do all the work and not think at all!" The Chairman here asked Mr. Douglass if he had ever known the slaveholding Priest to preach to the slaves from this text: "Masters give unto your servants that which is just and right"? Mr. Douglass replied that "he never had heard any sermons from that text being preached at the South. (Great laughter.) It did not suit Slavery to deal with such texts as this, but priests must torture the blessed Bible to find an argument to sustain this system of robbery and murder; and by so doing they committed the fearful crime of making God himself the overseer over three millions of slaves! They tell the slaves that they should be thankful that God had brought them and their fathers from Africa to this enlightened land, and had given them kind masters who endeavored to give to them the Christian religion! (Great laughter.) They say to the slave—'It is the Lord's doings and marvellous in our eyes'! (Great applause and laughter.)

"Slavery exists in the South because of the influence of the two great political parties of the United States—the Whig and Democratic parties. The leaders of these parties need to carry out their selfish schemes, the votes of the slaveholders of the South, and so strive with each other who shall bow lowest to this Moloch of Slavery. I came here to speak for my brethren in bonds, because they cannot speak for themselves, they are dumb; no newspapers at the South chronicle their sufferings, and very few at the North. If I go to the Church, it is almost entirely on the side of oppression; if I go to the Press, it is almost entirely on the side of oppression; if I go to the great political parties, they are both on their knees to the Slave Power, begging for the votes of slaveholders! Where shall I go then, but to the people, and strive in my own country and in yours to awaken an interest in their hearts in the sad condition of the slave. I come to you to ask that influence which you can exert for freedom in your intercourse with the people of the United States. I come as the friend of the slaveholder as well as the slave, for he, taking his guilt and certain retribution into the account, is most in need of pity; for the time will come to the slave when for his stripes and wrongs God will repay him, and the slaveholder shall get the retribution which awaits him who has dared imbrute his brother man and trample him in the dust. Give us your aid, for we can never strike down Slavery till we can add to our own power the moral power of the world around us." (Great applause.)

Mr. Douglass then analyzed the Fugitive Slave Law, and showed its hideous wickedness, its denial of all right, its utter defiance of justice and truth. He spoke more than two hours, and throughout, his powerful address was listened to with the most profound attention, and greeted with the most enthusiastic cheering. At the close of his remarks he called upon Mr. Thompson to take the stand; the audience most earnestly seconded his call, and though it was quite late, Mr. Thompson addressed them in his usual happy manner. Mr. Thompson remarked that he had been most kindly received by the Americans, and that he was the first Englishman who had even spoken fully the truth to the Americans, and yet had been sustained by them in so doing; "and," said he, "I used the severest language and the most withering denunciations of Slavery, and yet they bore it patiently and acknowledged it to be true. And I have come to the conclusion that our Brother Jonathan is worthy a place among the nations and I know that he respects truth and plain speaking, and from his heart despises the mean, sycophantic, limberjointed, fawning Englishman who panders to crime to get into favor. I love America and hope soon to see her entire redemption from the only blight and curse which mars her fair proportions—her system of Chattel Slavery.

This sentiment of Mr. Thompson's was cheered over and over again by the audience, and about half-past 10 o'clock they adjourned.

Mr. Thompson lectures to-night and to-morrow night upon "British India," and on Sunday night Mr. May is expected by invitation to preach on Slavery in one of the churches of the city. The visit of these gentlemen to Toronto will be productive of great good. Hundreds of fugitives come to Canada every month, and some interchange of feeling and sentiment was highly necessary in order that the friends of freedom here and in the United States may co-operate to assist the poor fugitives in their escape from Slavery, and in obtaining beneath the shadow of a monarch's throne a shelter from Republican Tyranny.—G. W. P.

### REPORT ON THE SUBJECT OF EDUCATION.

From all that they have been enabled to collect on the subject, statistical or otherwise, it is evident, and your Committee would most respectfully submit—

That there must be a material change in some of the features of our *school system* and some important appendages thereunto, adapting it more fully to the wants of our youth.

We will not say that the *State*, as such, has not done all in its province it could for the attainment of the end in view; still there is a demand to be supplied by ourselves, and can be supplied from no other source—a vacuum to be filled—and can be filled by no other hands. Means, sufficient and available, requiring but use and direction.

Situated in the heart of the first of States, surrounded by all the light it is capable of shedding, witnessing thereby its rapid and onward progress, is it surprising that we should desire to, and struggle by every just means in our power, to keep pace with that progress? Or is it at all surprising, considering the impediments in our way, and the bias given to our minds thereby, that we are this day found so far behind in the march toward the goal of our country's prosperity?

We form an integrant and important part of a State, the genius of whose institutions happily forbid our exclusion from *Educational privileges*. Still a spirit of cast produced rather by a concatination of circumstances so hamper and cripple our youth, that they seldom take the first step in those walks of life requiring the exercise of the little learning they acquire, much less use that learning for the prosecution of proper pursuits, the attainment of proper ends.

Hence arise the questions: To render our School System more adequate to our demands, more adapted to our necessities, what void is there to be filled? what is there to be changed? and what to be added?

What our youth most need, may be our whole people, is to be inspired with a spirit of *self-confidence, self-dependence*, unsurpassing energy, and indomitable perseverance. This spirit should be in us as deeply imbued, as our being; and as lasting as the race. A purpose must we have, as high and as fixed as the everlasting hills which cannot be moved. And to accomplish this purpose, we must have a strength of nerve, and force of character sufficient to resist any opposition, to overcome every obstacle. There must be no point too high to climb, no deep too low to descend. And be it ever remembered that this is mostly the work of early training, early culture; the result of first impressions.

And further: There must be the enforcement of certain general maxims; the instillation of high general principles, such as would guide and lead them up to preferment, true greatness and just power.

These must lie at the foundation of all; these must form the basis on which we must build. The mind of our youth must, to a very great extent, be cast in one common mould.

Hence we would earnestly recommend some general system of INSTRUCTION, thoroughly furnishing the mind with all the essential requisites for high mental, moral, and social attainments; the acme of life.

Minds so founded, through such a system, would soon settle effectually, all those questions, now too prevalent, even among ourselves, of doubt and uncertainty as to our future destiny.

Such minds would nothing other than be led to feel and do so far as the dictates of right led, as others; be availed of the same means for the same ends, strive and obtain the same rights; enjoy the same immunities. Have the same love of country—as jealous of their country's rights as their own; as anxious to develop her resources as others; as mindful of her prosperity and perpetuity.

Hence the vast importance of: First, Careful and vigilant guardians for our youth. Secondly: Well appointed instructors, and well directed instruction.

Not so much to pass rapidly through the *Text-books* of our schools, and exhibit much smartness therein, is desired on the part of our youth, as a thorough development of mind.

The process once and rightly commenced in the mind of our youth at this stage of our progress, would lay a foundation upon which might be built, one of the loftiest structures of human effort.

Our educators, then, must be individuals of firm nerve and high purpose. Individuals of our own stamp, and of us, and made by us, to meet our demand. None others can supply it if they would, few perhaps would if they could.

We must mark out our own way in this matter, and clear it for ourselves and not others for us. Others are too far in advance of us, to turn back if they would, to do it well for us, be they ever so desirous.

We must do it for ourselves, and if we would lessen the distance, as we surely must, between them and us, we must labor vigorously, earnestly, and faithfully.

We would then away with that sickly *cant*, that is being hawked about; that the process of educating our youth cannot be accomplished by us, when in truth it can be done really by no other hands.

Let us then come boldly up to the work, and with a due degree of confidence in ourselves, it is immeasurably accomplished.

Our educators must be zealously devoted to the work of training our youth to do, as well as know; to act, "*act in the living present.*"

Once committed to proper hands the process of development, if possible should so continue to the end; that is, through certain stages. Few youth, if any, ever derived any real benefit from frequent, or even occasional changes during one of these stages.

The mind when, perhaps after a laborious season, just in the act of unfolding itself receives a check. New methods are introduced; confusion ensues; discouragement or indifference follows, and the pupil sustains a loss for which he is not only unprepared, but not easily, if ever, recovers.

Frequent changes and new methods in educational matters may quicken the more showy and superficial thereof (that which is too frequently mistaken for true education), yet do very little, we may say comparatively nothing, to produce such sons and daughters as the age, the country and our exigencies demand.

Hence we would recommend, first, the continuance of our youth in well ordered schools, avoiding, as far as possible, those frequent changes so common among us; and, secondly, that the utmost vigilance be exercised in the selection of educators for our youth. Individuals they must be of iron mould, and fully developed, with no purpose before save the true progress of their charge.

It would, perhaps, little matter what we do, passing away as we are, if our influences passed with us; but as those influences remain to effect those to come after us, and all time, careful ought we be to exert them for the best good of all, now and hereafter.

And further: If we would have our youth inspired with greater confidence in themselves, if we would make them in a greater degree self-dependent, persevering and energetic, hardy and powerful, physically and mentally, we must mark out for them such paths as will lead to that end. We must force them, if need be, in such walk of life as will produce such a class.

Hitherto, our *fire-side instruction*, unlike that of others of the community, has failed to produce such class; our school system has, of course, failed to supply the deficiency of the fire-side.

Both the former, in a great degree, and the latter, perhaps in a less, have contributed rather to produce that *hat in-hand system of dependence*, so pernicious, yet almost universal among us. That is, of looking to and begging of others for what we have the means and ability, if rightly directed, of ourselves supplying.

Hence, a new bias must be given to the mind of our youth looking to this end. It must be forced into an entire new channel leading to it. The *Text Books* of the school room amount to very little with our youth in the absence of proper provisions for them when they leave it. This demand, we believe, can only be supplied by the introduction of the *Mechanic Arts*, and the various branches of trades and industry among them.

Hence, we would recommend the establishment of Work Shops, with competent artisans therein, as appendages to as many of the schools as may be found practicable, for the purpose of inducting our youth into the various branches of mechanism and trade.

Where such a *Plan* is unnecessary, we would recommend that our patronage be mainly given to such artisans, &c. as will so instruct our youth, thereby securing to them what they so justly need. For we are reminded that the exercise of the hands as well as the head is necessary for our full development. A Fund might readily, and we would recommend, be established for that purpose.

For the purpose of enlarging the class we have just mentioned, as well as varying its pursuits, we would recommend that the attention of our youth be turned to Agriculture. This can only be done by creating in them a love for it.

But the questions occur, how is this to be done? What the best method to be pursued?

Surely, if we may judge from the number of young men, both black and white, who daily flock to our cities, for other employments, the methods pursued in this noble department of life are everything but congenial to their tastes and inclinations. Especially is it so with colored young men, who drag out a miserable existence of nearly twenty years upon a soil, a foot of which they have no hope, nor shadow of hope, of ever calling their own.

Now, as the major force and power of a people, or a nation, is centred in the soil, and its happiness and prosperity there cluster, it behooves us, if we would hold, exercise and enjoy these, to possess and cultivate the same.

For this purpose, then, we would recommend the establishment of an Agricultural School in some good locality (say the Gerrit Smith Lands or elsewhere), to which our young men who desire it may have access, and there be fitted for this independent and noble calling.

The immediate effect of these recommendations would, we believe, if carried out, produce in the State a class of youth new indeed to us, but worthy of our highest consideration. A class small, perhaps, yet requiring provisions as greatly needed by it as they may be easily made by us.

We allude to the highly advanced and conducted of the several schools. High premiums should be awarded to high scholastic attainments.

To meet so important a demand, then, we would recommend the establishment of a High School.

We would not attempt to detail a plan of such an Institution, yet of it we may simply remark: That its location should, we think, be in the vicinity of New York City: at its head an able Educator: its several departments filled by the teachers of the several schools, when fully qualified for the same, thus interesting both the teachers and the pupils of the several schools. Such an institution would of itself act as a most powerful auxiliary to the cause of education among us.

But if preferred, a Department for the same end might with propriety be established in an Agricultural School, with, perhaps, an equal degree of benefit.

Ample means, we feel too well assured, might be found for one or both such Institutions.

Finally: For the purpose of carrying out more fully the foregoing, for the better promotion of such an education among us as our circumstances demand, we would recommend a well-directed Organization, if none of sufficient compass now exists.

We will not speak of such Plan further than to say, that its central location should be in the vicinity of New York City: its bounds made to extend as far as possible, ultimately over the whole State, enlisting in its service every well qualified and interested person within its limits.

Said organization to collect and report all information, statistical or otherwise, relative to its schools and appendages thereunto, and their entire operations, changes, plans, &c., yearly in convention held for that purpose.

In fine, we would have devolve upon said Organization the duty of managing entirely all herein proposed or otherwise pertaining to educational matter. So far from disturbing in any way the present School System, said organization ever to be found acting in consonance with it; supplying deficiencies where they exist: giving right direction to the means thereof afforded, and facilitating, by every other means within its power, our future education and progress.

Wm. J Wilson, Chairman on Education

## MARRIAGES.

Trimble—Underhill.—On the evening of the 3d instant, Merritt Trimble to Mary S., daughter of Walter Underhill, all of this city.

Johnson—Sellers.—On the 27th ultimo, at the residence of Louisa S. Sellers, Upper Darby township, Delaware county, Oliver H. Johnson, of Philadelphia, to Ellen, daughter of James Sellers, of the former place.

Maw-kee ko-kee-wah hah-dauchy-kew—Maw-kee-hoo-shay-naw-zhee-kaw.—In Watah City, March 24, Maw-kee ko-kee-wah hah-dauchy-kew, Esq., to Miss Wee-hun-kaw, daughter of Maw-kee-hoo-shay-naw-zhee-kaw, all of Wanatah county, Minesota. [The editor participated in the feast on this occasion, and was presented with the hind quarter of a fine dog. Free Democrat.]

## DEATHS.

Chandler.—At Walpole, N. H. ultimo, Ariel Chandler, Esq., late of the firm of Chandler, Howard & Co. He has left by will $50,000 to Dartmouth College, to establish a school of instruction in the practical and useful arts of life.

Anthony.—In Providence, R. I., March 25, Mrs. Mary K., widow of the late William Anthony, of Coventry, and mother of the Governor of Rhode Island, aged 65.

D'Wolf.—In Bristol, R. I., March 21, Mark Anthony D'Wolf, aged 51 years and 6 months.

Champion.—In Philadelphia, on the 23d ultimo, Ann Champion, aged 57 years.

Clark.—At Middle Paxton, Dadphin Co., Pa., 28th ultimo, Hon Judge Clark. He has been State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, member of Congress, and Treasurer of the United States.

Polk.—At Columbia, Tenn., on March 2, of consumption, Mary Louisa, wife of Major William H. Polk.

## ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR IN PLYMOUTH.

The Anti-Slavery Woman of Plymouth propose to hold a Fair at Leyden Hall, in that place, commencing on Wednesday, April 16, and continuing through that and the two succeeding days. During the evenings of the Fair, addresses may be expected from Wm. L. Garrison and other distinguished speakers.

Admission 12 1-2 cents. Season tickets, 25 cents.

At the close of the Fair on Friday evening, there will be a Levee, at which Wm. L. Garrison and Wendell Phillips have engaged to be present and deliver addresses.

Tickets for the Levee, 25 cents.

## ESSEX COUNTY.

A quarterly meeting of the Essex County Anti-Slavery Society will be held in Haverhill, on Saturday and Sunday, April 19 and 20, commencing at 7 o'clock, A. M., at the Town Hall.

Wm. L. Garrison will attend the meeting.

A full attendance of all the members and friends is earnestly requested.

In behalf of the Executive Committee.

E. J. KENNY.

## WORCESTER CO. (SOUTH) ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society, for the choice of officers and other business, (unavoidably postponed from the regular time,) will be held in Worcester, in the City Hall, commencing at 7 o'clock on Saturday evening, April 26, and continuing on Sunday, day and evening.

The names of the speakers will be given next week.

The members and friends of the Society are requested to give a punctual attendance.

Effingham L. Capron, *President*.

John H. Crane, *Secretary*.

## BEWARE OF IMPOSTERS.

The fugitive girl alluded to in the following letter, has not yet reported herself at the Anti-Slavery Office; but from the description of her, and the State from which she pretends to have fled, we have no doubt she is the same person, who, for the last three years, has been imposing on the benevolence of the friends of the slave, in various parts of the country, though repeatedly exposed in the anti-slavery papers. She appears to be incorrigible.

West Killingly, Ct., March 30, 1851.

Dear Sir:

A female, representing herself to be a slave, escaping from Maryland, giving her name Ellen, and aged 19 years, stayed at my house last Friday night, and took the 8 o'clock morning train, Saturday, for Boston. The friends of the slave in this village (Danielsonville) raised money sufficient to carry her to Boston, and some more. I advised her to leave the cars at Brighton, and walk into Boston, and go to the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill. She designed calling on you. We have been sorry since she left that we did not invite her to remain with us, as we feel that no slave could be taken here, and rather want the issue tested. She was a fine looking and intelligent girl, neat and agreeable. Feeling very anxious for her safe passage through this "piratical Egypt," I take the liberty of writing to request you to communicate to me information of her arrival in Boston, if such is the fact.

Very truly yours, ——.

☞ Another audacious imposter, named William Jones, of South Boston, has long been swindling charitable people out of their money, on various false pretences. A few days since, he was at Plymouth, and succeeded in raising more than $20—calling himself *Henry* Jones. He acknowledged, some time ago, that he had collected upwards of $400 in this manner! He is utterly unprincipled and without shame. Last year he was repeatedly advertised as

## Miscellany.

*For The Standard.*

### Letter from an Old Lodge.

NO. III.

I LIKE, exceedingly, the corner you have give me in these new quarters of mine; it is either alcove or arbor at my will—a quiet library recess, where, despite the choice matter around, either complete or fragmentary, I may scatter my litter without much care for the room it may occupy, or regard for the nice eye that might be offended with my dishabille in the mote stately reception or with-drawing room, or an out-door bower, where, on a sunny morn, I may sit in the shade of these lopped branches of the English park, or American forest, and twine the wildings I have gathered in my airy walks into such careless wreaths as an unchained fancy may dictate; never aiming an arrow at the plumage even of the great, hovering Lamergeyer—the vulture-monster swooping almost at my very feet for his fluttering, panting prey—unless I may hope to do more than ruffle a-feather of his strong wing, and thus provoke to a more direful onset. Yet never heedless of his slightest movement, and always thinking that man—would he be true to himself as man—might fell him to the earth at a single blow.

Here, in this despised retreat, which Heaven has sanctified, and Time will immortalize, I may now hide myself from the great busy world of Fashion and Folly, and call unto all those listening, loving votaries of Art, who are not now far away, to come to those sacred shades to wait, in shadow, for their noblest crown: it may be one of earthly martyr-dom, but it will beam with a halo of fadeless glory.

And I, the while, would attract here and there an unsophisticated lover of Nature, who, like the one before you, has never never dreamed of coronals or glory, to come to my bower, and gaze with me on yon group of trees, of almost arboretum variety, which surround my rustic lodge, and find in their contrasted beauty encouraging example for each to maintain his happy, unappreciated individuality; upon yon now placid and sky-reflecting, now dark and storm-moved lake, anon ice-locked and coldly imprisoned, and at this moment struggling, half-broken and half-fettered, as speaking here to the eye, ay, and more stirring in its voice, as it forms, at its outlet, a murmuring cascade, than even the wild music of the trees; and then fly off with me to the sheltered forest beyond, where I gather Spring anemones and hepaticas, but which is yet too lowly for the aspiring yet humbly trailing arbutus—to the high ridges, yet further on, and nearer you, where grow the laurels and the evergreens, but yet not lofty enough for this charming trailer. Yes, my friend, I did mean the wildering *Epigæa*, and I was *wilfully* incorrect: a concession to popular error such as you must expect, and learn to pardon, in a new Anti-Slavery recruit, but one who is, nevertheless, very submissive to chastisement, because consciously and compliantly in the wrong. But you will not forget that I write also for "outsiders"—and further touching my position for remote objects, let me inform you that I once met the Standard in an intelligent family who read only the fourth page.

I promised to let you smell my green-house pets, now and then. Now, I have nothing of especial interest at this moment of my own; but I caught sight, the other New Year's day, of a blossoming Hyacinth in the bill of one of our high Northern lake birds—the Loon—which, you well know, is an inimitable diver (its discordant notes we will not stop to discuss), while a great bald Eagle held both in his fatherly talons, with view to bear the little blossom off to the World's Fair! Certain it would be dried without the aid of a herbarium, if I did not rescue it, and perceiving, moreover, that some of its bells were topsy-turvy already in the typic struggle, I ventured to take possession of it, as if it were already a portion of my own floral charge—for it is decidedly of our own Lake school—and I will now give you an inhalation of its dying odor. Possibly its Grecian sentiment may touch a chord of the slumbering lyric of your post-associate, and bring us a new "Fable," large and long enough for a Standard poem. Then I shall not have rescued the exhaling floweret in vain. And as the giant Eagle had also a modern Newva in its grasp, with a ray which evidently had been bent out of its course to or from the North Star, it will never miss the Colymbic lyric; while this, long ere it reach the great glass hot-house abroad, would melt away like a single snow-flake falling upon the crested wave of ocean. And yet let us ever bear in mind, for self-support, that the majestic deep is made up of rain drops and snow-flakes.

TO A DECEMBER HYACINTH.

Thou cam'st to me a gift of love,
In the moist earth implanted;
Thy beauty claimed each gazer's eye,
Thy fragrance charmed the passer-by;
For me thou hast a grace above
These sweets that so enchanted.

To one who could the ages lift,
And read those notes of wailing
Upon thy fair and sky-veined leaf,
Witness of sad Apollo's grief,
Thy story were itself a gift
Of interest unfailing.

So looking back to vanished years,
With a most tender thinking,
I took thee from the warm, brown earth,
Home of thy sea-girt island birth,
And placed thee in an urn of tears,
Which thou art daily drinking.

Tears seem, in sooth, thy native food;
They bring forth leaf and blossom,
With scarce a sun-ray to their aid;
As if of wo thy life was made.
As if from sorrow came the good
Which fills thine odorate bosom.

And thus, sweet one, though born of tears,
And greeted oft by weeping—
For pity moistens the soft rays
With which upon thy charms I gaze—
Thy presence still the lone heart cheers,
The lyre in tune thus keeping.

And now for Cousin Annie's comment on the outside reception you have given us. She calls it

THE WILL OF AN AUTOGRAPH PRESERVER.

Most gracious Editor, we owe thee thanks
That thou hast placed us on thine outer page,
With the first peer of England's high-born ranks.
Who, striving for a noble heritage,
Looks forward, with the spirit of the age;
And upward, with the feeling of the child;
And downward, with parental glance so mild;
And sky-ward, with the wisdom of the sage.
Thus may we catch a Morpeth's kindly smile,
As on thy page a retrospective glance
He idly casts, at scenes beloved, erewhile,
And cherished still, if they no more entrance.
And may this accident, in sonnet-wile,
Bring the memorial name of just Carlyle.

It is to be trusted and believed that Cousin Annie meant no imputation on the integrity of the author of Latter-Day Pamphlets in using this heaven-born title, *just*, instead of the man-given one of Earl. She ought, nevertheless, to be admonished that

"Many a shaft at random sent,
Finds aim the archer little meant."

In conclusion, let me say that I see, and sympathize in, your dilemma with regard to my No. 2. You blindly cut away a single word—but that (Arcadian) word a step so important that you can't get over the threshold of my wild lodge. If you pull away the entire porch, you cannot make another that will be in keeping with the bowery structure; and so the whole frail tenement, in which so much precious litter has to be cut and stitched into rare patch-work, is irretrievably lost to the Standard! Of course you strong men-bearers don't care about such woman's work as this (old-school women, of course; only these make patch-work); you who can produce a heavy Marseilles counterpoint at a sitting may well send all the chips to the rag bag. And so I have given you a fresh starting point with a Number Three, easily converted to a Two.

Firden, January 26th, 1851. A. P. C.

### NAPOLEON.

[*From the Foreign Reminicenses of Lord Holland.*]

NAPOLEON not only never forgot a favor, but unlike most ambitious characters never allowed subsequent injuries to cancel his recollection of services. He was uniformly indulgent to the faults of those whom he had once distinguished. He saw them, he exposed and rectified, but he never punished them. Many have blamed him for this on the score of policy; but if it was not sense and calculation, it should be ascribed to good nature. None, I presume, will impute it to weakness or want of discernment. He described himself, however, as a just, and not an easy man. True it is, as I have before remarked, that his dislike and even his displeasure seldom led to any persecution, or even permanent exclusion of the objects of it from pro notion; though it exposed them to asperity of language and other petty mortifications. He not only preserved in high employment, but advanced to higher, some persons' opinions were most hostile to his system of government, as well as others of whom he spoke with anger and contempt. In repressing the injustice of all authorities inferior to his own, he was impartial, severe, and inflexible. Neither minister, prefect, officer, nor military authority, could venture to exceed the letter of the law. Never was government, in France at least, so little military as that of Napoleon, never was justice more steadily and equally administered between men, and even between government and its subjects. There was indeed at the latter period of his reign no security whatever against abuse but the knowledge, vigilance and will of one man;* but scarcely in an instance, save the conscriptions when the Empire was pressed for supplies of men, did that dependence on the ubiquity of the Emperor's protection and the inflexible impartiality of his administration, fail any of his subjects. Had any prefect or military man interfered with the election of deputies, nomination of juries, or common transactions of life in the way since practiced in every department, such illegal and vexatious inteference would, without even the necessity of a remonstrance, have been immediately punished and remedied under the Imperial Government. The principles of Freedom, which alone can secure good institutions from abuse, were nearly extinguished under his absolute rule, and have revived and attained some vigor since his downfall; but equality before the law, impartiality in the administration of justice, and certainty of redress in case of any injury, either from individuals or from civil and military authorities, have not been greater or even so great under the succeeding governments during peace, as they were under Napoleon at war with half the world. I received this remarkable testimony to the character of the Imperial Government† from an unbiassed and unsuspected quarter, from M. Gallois, who had retused employment under him, and was too sincere and enlightened a friend of freedom not to abhor a system which depended exclusively on the character of an individual. It was the result of observation and reflection, not of personal attachment, much less of habitual reverence for power. He admitted that the all penetrating sagacity of Napoleon, his indefatigable diligence, his extraordinary knowledge of men and things, and his stern, inflexible impartiality, were during his life, efficacious substitutes for much better institutions; but he justly observed that the inherent vices would, in all certainty, have been felt as they, in fact, were, the moment that the wonderful genius which corrected them, ceased to be at the head of the state. His powers of application and memory seemed almost preternatural. There was scarcely a man in France, and none in employment, with whose private history, characters, and qualifications, he was not acquainted. He had, when Emperor, notes and tables, which he called the moral statistics of his Empire. He revised and corrected them by ministerial reports, private conversation, and correspondence. He received all letters himself, and what seems incredible, he read and recollected all that he received. He slept little, and was never idle one instant when awake. When he had an hour for diversion, he not unfrequently employed it in looking over a book of logarithms, which he acknowledged, with some surprise, was at all seasons of his life a recreation to him. So retentive was his memory of numbers, that sums over which he had once glanced his eye were in his mind ever after. He recollected the respective produce of all taxes through every year of his administration, and could at any time, repeat any one of them, even to the centimes. Thus his detection of errors in accounts appeared marvellous, and he often indulged in the pardonable artifice of displaying these faculties in a way to create a persuasion that his vigilance was almost supernatural. In running over an account of expenditure, he perceived the rations of a batallion charged on a certain day at Besançon. The minister, recollecting that the Emperor had been at the time out of France, confiding in the regularity of his subordinate agents, persisted that the Batallion must have been at Besançon. Napoleon insisted on further inquiry. It turned out to be a fraud and not a mistake. The peculating accountant was dismissed, and the scrutinizing spirit of the Emperor circulated with the anecdote through every branch of the public service, in a way to deter every clerk from committing the the slightest error, from fear of immediate detection. His knowledge in other matters, was often as accurate and nearly as surprising. Not only were the Swiss deputies in 1801 astonished at his familiar acquaintance with the history, laws, and usages of the country, which seemed the result of a life of research, but even the envoys from the insignificant republic of San Marino* were astonished at finding that he knew the famalies and feuds of that small community, and discoursed on the respective views conditions and interests of parties and individuals, as if he had been educated in the petty squabbles and local politics of the diminutive society. I remember a simple native of that place told me in 1814 that the phenomenon was accounted for by the Saint of the town appearing to him over-night in order to assist his deliberations. Some anecdotes related to me by the distinguished officer who conveyed him in the Undaunted to Elba in 1814, prove the extent, variety, and accuracy of knowledge of Napoleon. On his arrival on the coast, in company with Sir Neil Campbell, an Austrian and a Russian commisioner, Captain Usher waited upon him, and was invited to dinner. He conversed on naval affairs, and explained the plan he had once conceived of forming a vast fleet of one hundred and sixty ships of the line. He asked Captain Usher if he did not think it would be practicable; and Usher answered, that with the immense means he then commanded, he saw no impossibility in building and manning any number of ships, but his difficulty would have consisted in forming thorough seamen, as distinguished from what we call smooth-water sailors.—Napoleon replied that he had provided for that also; he had organized exercises for them afloat, not only in harbor, but in smaller vessels near the coast, by which they might have been trained to go through, even in rough weather, the most arduous manœuvres of seamanship which he enumerated; and he mentioned among them the keeping a ship clear of her anchors in a heavy sea. The Austrian, who suspected Napoleon of talking in general upon subjects he imperfectly understood, acknowledging his own ignorance, asked him the meaning of the term, the nature of the difficulty, and the method of surmounting it. On this the Emperor took up two forks, and explained the problem in seamenship, which is not an easy one, in so short, scientific, and practical a way, that Capt. Usher assured me he knew none but professional men, and very few of them, who could off-hand have given so perspicuous, seamanlike, and satisfactory solution of the question. Any board of officers would have inferred, from such an exposition, that the person making it had received a naval education, and was a practical seamen.—Yet how different were the objects on which the mind of Napoleon must have been long, as well as recently, employed!

On the same voyage, when the propriety of putting into a harbor of Corsica was under discussion, and the want of a pilot urged as an objection, Napoleon described the depth of water, shoals, currents, bearings, and anchorage, with a minuteness which seemed as if he had himself acted in that capacity; and which, on reference to the charts, was found scrupulously accurate. When his cavalry and baggage arrived at Porto Farajo, the commander of the transports said that he had been on the point of putting into a creek near Genoa (which he named, but I have forgotten); upon hearing which, Napoleon exclaimed, "It is well you did not; it is the worst place in the Mediterranean; you would not have got to sea again for a month or six weeks." He then proceeded to allege reasons for the difficulty, which were quite sufficient, if the peculiarities of the little bay were really such as he described; but Captain Usher, having never heard of them during his service in the Mediterranean, suspected that the Emperor was mistaken, or had confounded some report he had heard from mariners in his youth. When, however, he mentioned the circumstance many years afterward, to Captain Dundas, who had recently cruised in the Gulf of Genoa, that officer confirmed the report of Napoleon in all its particulars, and expressed astonishmont at its correctness. "For" (said he) "I thought it a discovery of my own, having ascertained all you have just told me about that creek, by observation and experience."‡ Great as was his appetite for knowledge, his memory in retaining, and his quickness in applying it, his labor both in acquiring and using it was equal to them. In application to business he could wear out the men most inured to study. In the deliberations on the Code Civil, many of which lasted ten, twelve or fifteen hours without intermission, he was always the last whose attention flagged; and he was so little disposed to spare himself trouble, that even in the Moscow campaign he sent regularly to every branch of administration in Paris directions in detail, which in every government but his would, both from usuge and convenience, have been left to the discretion of the superintending minister, or to the common routine of business. This and other instances of his diligence are more wonderful than praiseworthy. He had established an office with twelve clerks and Mounier at their head, whose sole duty it was to extract, translate, abridge, and arrange under heads the contents of our English newspapers. He charged Mounier to omit no abuse of him, however coarse or virulent; no charge, however injurious or malignant. As, however, he did not specify the Empress, Mounier, who reluctantly complied with his orders, ventured to suppress, or at least to soften, any phrases about her; but Napoleon questioned others on the contents of the English papers; detected Mounier and his committee in their mutilations of the articles, and forbade them to withhold any intelligence or any censure they met with in the publications which they were appointed to examine. Yet with all this industry, and with the multiplicity of topics which engaged his attention, he found time for private and various reading. His librarian was employed for some time every morning in replacing maps and books which his unwearied and insatiable curiosity had consulted before breakfast. He read all letters whatever, addressed to himself, whether in his private or public capacity; and it must, I believe, be acknowledged that he often took the same liberty with those directed to other people. He had indulged in that unjustifiable practice§ before his elevation, and such was the impatience to open both parcels and letters that, however employed, he could seldom defer the gratification of his curiosity an instant after either came under his notice or his reach. Josephine, and others, well acquainted with his habits, very pardonably took some advantage of this propensity. Matters which she feared to mention to him were written and directed to her, and the letters unopened left in his way. He often complied with wishes which he thought he had detected by an artifice, more readily than had they been presented in the form of claim, petition, or request. He liked to know everything; but he liked all he did to have the appearance of springing entirely from himself, feeling, like many others in power, an unwillingness to encourage even those they love in an opinion that they have an influence over them, or that there is any certain channel to their favor. His childish eagerness about cases, led in one instance to a gracious act of playful munificence. He received notice of the arrival of a present from Constantinople, in society with the Empress and other ladies. He ordered the parcel‖ to be brought up, and instantly tore it open with his own hand. It contained a large aigrette of diamonds, which he broke into various pieces, and he then threw the largest into her Imperial Majesty's lap, and some into that of every lady in the circle.

* They waited upon him at Bologna.
† I think Bastia.
‡ Related to me by Captain Usher at Paris, 1826.
§ Denon, Mechin, and others.
‖ Mechin.

* The following picture of Napoleon's government is taken chiefly from M. Gallois, who has frequently and nearly in the terms of the text, given me such a representation of the justice, policy, and vigilance of his administration as I have here endeavored to preserve.

† It was confirmed in many particulars by other sober-minded and credible men who lived under his government, and had access to him or his ministers.

### THE STORY OF FINE-EAR.

TEN or twelve years ago, there was in the prison at Brest, a man sentenced for life to the galleys. I do not know the exact nature of his crime, but it was something very atrocious. I never heard either, what his former condition of life had been; for even his name had passed into oblivion, and he was recognized only by a number. Although his features were naturally well formed their expression was horrible: every dark and evil passion seemed to have left its impress there; and his character fully corresponded to its outward indications. Mutinous, gloomy, and revengeful, he often hazarded his life in desperate attempts to escape, which hitherto had proved abortive. Once, during winter, he suceeded in gaining the fields, and supported, for several days, the extremity of cold and hunger. He was found, at length, half frozen and insensible under a tree, and brought back to prison, where, with difficuly, he was restored to life. The ward-master watched him more closely, and punished him more severely by far, than the other prisoners, while a double chain was added to his heavy fetters. Several times he attempted suicide, but failed, through the vigilance of his guards. The only results of his experiments in this line were an asthma, caused by a nail which he hammered into his chest, and the loss of an arm, which he fractured in leaping off a high wall. After suffering amputation, and a six months' sojourn in the hospital, he returned to his hopeless life-long task-work.

One day, this man's fierce humor seemed softened. After the hours of labor, he seated himself, with the companion in misery to whom he was chained, in a corner of the court; and his repulsive countenance assumed a mild expression. Words of tenderness were uttered by the lips which heretofore had opened only to blaspheme; and with his head bent down, he watched some object concealed in his bosom.

The guards looked at him with disquietude, believing he had some weapon hidden within his clothes; and two of them approaching him steathily from behind, seized him roughly, and began to search him, before he could make any resistance. Finding himself completely in their power, the convict exclaimed: "Oh, don't kill him! Pray don't kill him!"

As he spoke, one of the guards had gained possession of a large rat, which the felon had kept next his bosom.

"Don't kill him!" he repeated. "Beat me; chain me; do what you like with me; but don't hurt my poor rat! Don't squeeze him so between your fingers! If you will not give him back to me, let him go free!" And while he spoke for the first time, probably, since his childhood, tears filled his eyes, and ran down his cheeks.

Rough and hardened men as were the guards, they could not listen to the convict, and see his tears without some feeling of compassion. He who was about to strangle the rat, opened his fingers and and let it fall to the ground. The terrified animal fled with the speed peculiar to its species, and disappeared behind a pile of beams and rubbish.

The felon wiped away his tears, looked anxiously after the rat, and scarcely breathed until he had seen it out of danger. Then he rose, and silently, with the old savage look, followed his companion in bonds, and lay down with him on their iron bedstead, where a ring and chain fastened them to a massive bar of the same metal.

Next morning on his way to work, the convict, whose pale face showed that he had passed a sleepless night, cast an anxious troubled glance towards the pile of wood, and gave a low peculiar call to which nothing replied. One of his comrades uttered some harmless jest on the loss of his favorite; and the reply was a furious blow which felled the speaker, and drew down on the offender severe chastisement from the taskmaster.

Arrived at the place of labor, he worked with a sort of feverish ardour, as though trying to give vent to his pent-up emotion; and, while stooping over a large beam, which he and some others were trying to raise, he felt something gently tickle his cheek. He turned round, and gave a shout of joy. There, on his shoulder, was the only friend he had in the world—his rat!—who, with marvellous instinct, had found him out, and crept gently up to his face. He took the animal in his hands, covered it with kisses, placed it within his nest, and then, addressing the head goaler, who happened to pass by at the moment, he said:

"Sir, if you will allow me to keep this rat, I will solemnly promise to submit to you in everything, and never again to incur punishment."

The ruler gave a sign of acquiesence, and passed on. The convict opened his shirt, to give one more fond look at his faithful pet, and then contentedly resumed his labor.

That which neither threats nor imprisonment, the scourge nor the chain, could effect, was accomplished, and rapidly, by the influence of *love*, though its object was one of the most despised amongst animals. From the moment when the formidable convict was permitted to cherish his pet night and day in his bosom, he became the most tractable and well-conducted man in the prison. His Herculean strength, and his moral energy were both employed to assist the governors in maintaing peace and subordination. Fine-Ear, so he called his rat, was the object of his unceasing tenderness. He fed it before he tasted each meal, and would rather fast entirely than allow it to be hungry. He spent his brief hours of respite from toil in making various little fancy articles, which he sold in order to procure dainties which Fine-Ear liked,—gingerbread and sugar, for example. Often, during the period of toil, the convict would smile with delight when his little friend, creeping from his nestling place, would rub its soft fur against his cheek. But when, on a fine sunshiny day, the rat took up his position on the ground, smoothed his coat combed his long moustaches with his sharp nails, and dressed his long ears with his delicate paws, his master would testify his utmost delight, and exchange tender glances with the black, roguish eyes of Master Fine-Ear.

The latter confiding in his patron's care and protection, went, came, sported or stood still, certain that no one would injure him; for to touch a hair of the rat's whisker would be to incur a terrible penalty. One day, for having thrown a pebble at him, a prisoner was forced to spend a week in hospital, ere he recovered the effects of a blow bestowed on him by Fine-Ear's master.

The animal soon learned the sound of the dinner-bell, and jumped with delight on the convict when he heard the welcome summons.

Four years passed on in this manner, when one day poor Fine-Ear was attacked by a cat, which had found her way into the workshop, and received several deep wounds, before his master flying to the rescue, seized the feline foe, and actually tore her to pieces.

The recovery of the rat was tedious. During the next month the convict was occupied in dressing his wounds. It was strange the interest which every one connected with the prison took in Fine-Ear's misfortune. Not only did the guards and turnkeys speak of it as the topic of the day, but the hospital nurses furnished plasters and bandages for the wounds; and even the surgeon condescended to prescribe for him.

At length the animal recovered his strength and gayety, save that one of his hind paws dragged a little, and the cicatrice still disfigured the shin.—He was more tame and affectionate than ever, but the sight of a cat was sufficient to throw his master into a paroxysm of rage, and, running after the unlucky puss, he would, if possible, catch and destroy her.

A great pleasure was in store for the convict. Thanks to his good conduct during the past four years, his sentence of imprisonment for life had been commuted into twenty years, in which were to be included the fifteen already spent in prison.

"Thank God!" he cried, "under His mercy it is to Fine-Ear I owe this happiness!" and he kissed the animal with transport. Five years still remained to be passed in toilsome imprisonment, but they were cut short in an unlooked-for manner.

One day, a mutinous party of felons succeeded in seizing a turnkey, and having shut him up with themselves in one of the dormitories, they threatened to put him to death if all their demands were not instantly complied with, and a full amnesty granted for this revolt.

Fine-Ear's master, who had taken no part in the uproar, stood silently behind the officials and soldiers, who were ready to fire on the insurgents. Just as the attack was about to commence, he approached the chief superintendent, and said a few words to him in a low voice.

"I accept your offer," replied the governor. "Remember, you risk your life; but if you succeed, I pledge my word that you shall be strongly recommended to the government for unconditional pardon, this very night."

The convict drew forth Fine-Ear from his bosom, kissed him several times, and then placing him within the vest of a young fellow-prisoner with whom the rat was already familiar, he said in a broken voice:—

"If I do not return, be kind to him, and love him as I have loved him."

Then, having armed himself with an enormous bar of iron, he marched with a determined step to the dormitory, without regarding the missiles which the rebels hurled at his head. With a few blows of his bar, he made the door fly open, and darting into the room, he overturned those who opposed his entrance, threw down his weapon, and seizing the turnkey, put him, or rather flung him, out safe and sound into the passage.

While in the act of covering the man's escape from the infuriated convicts, he suddenly fell to the ground, bathed in blood. One of the wretches had lifted the iron bar and struck down with it his heroic comrade.

He was carried dying to the hospital, and, ere he breathed his last, he uttered one word—it was "Fine-Ear!"

Must I tell it? the rat appeared restless and unhappy for a few days, but he soon forgot his master, and began to testify the same affection for his new owner that he had formerly shown to him who was dead.

Fine-Ear still lives, fat, and sleek, and strong: indeed, he no longer fears his feline enemies, and has actually succeeded in killing a full-grown cat and three kittens. But, he no longer remembers the dead, nor regards the sound of his master's number, which formerly used to make him prick up his ears and run from one end of the court to the other.

Does it only prove that rats, as well as men, may be ungrateful? Or is it a little illustration of the wise and merciful arrangement, that the world must go on, die who will?—*Dickins Household Words.*

## Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

——GREAT Sensation has been lately caused at Florence by an intended duel with pistols between two countesses, in consequence of a political dispute. One of these ladies had taken an active part in the war of Italian Independence, and the other is a fair daughter of the North, whose name is well known in the diplomatic world. The combatants were on the ground, and the pistols charged, when fortunately their husbands arrived, and put a stop to the affair.

——THE QUEEN'S CRADLE.—Among the productions of art of this country which are now ready for forwarding to the exhibition, are a quantity of carving and other decorative works, by Mr. Rogers, of Carlisle street, Westminster. Among them will be the beautiful carved boxwood cradle made for the queen, and which will be sent by the gracious permission of her majesty. The cradle is carved in the finest Turkey boxwood, and was in hand nearly two years, delays having been occasioned by various circumstances, principally by the difficulty of procuring wood of high quality and sufficient size, to render as few joints as possible necessary. The shape of the cradle, which consists of flat head and footboards elaborately carved in high relief, and united by a semi-cylindrical trough, was suggested by her majesty, partly in consideration of those representations of cradles which generally appear of this form in early Italian and Flemish pictures; and probably no form could have been adopted which so well exhibits to the eye all the minutiæ of the enrichments which are profusely introduced throughout the greater part of the work.—*Morning Chronicle.*

——ANECDOTES OF THE MUD-BATH INVENTOR.—Dr. Graham, the half-knave, half-enthusiast, I saw twice. At one time he was buried up to the neck in earth, in the midst of his patients; at another sitting up to the chin in warm mud, with his hair in full pigeon-wing dress. As he was haranguing upon the excellent health he enjoyed from the use of earth-bathing, I asked him why he was then in the mud-bath if he wanted no relief? It puzzled him why, he said: "Why, it was to show people that it did no harm, that it was quite innocent, that it was very agreeable, and it gives me a skin as soft as the feathers of Venus's doves. A farmer once emptied a watering pot upon his head when he was buried, "to make him grow," he said. Latterly Graham was an evident enthusiast; he would madden himself with opium, rush into the streets, and strip himself to clothe the first beggar he met! but the electrical bed was the infamous panderism of a scoundrel. He lived upon vegetables, and perpetually declaimed against making the stomach the grave, the charnel house of slaughtered bodies; in one of his pamphlets there is a page of epithets for wheat.—*Southey's Commonplace Book.*

——SPORTS OF THE "OLDEN TIME."—The correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle* has a letter upon the amusements of the people of Birmingham. That city was once as renowned for bull baiting as Madrid itself. The last time a bull was baited before this and other cruel sports were prohibited by the Legislature, was in 1811. The great times were Easter, Whitsuntide, and during the wakes, when the workmen had holidays. Bulls were baited every Monday or Tuesday during those festivities, and sometimes the sport was indulged in every day for a week or more at a time. At the country wakes it was quite common to have three or four bulls. Generally, when a bull was baited at a country wake near the town on a Monday or Tuesday, it was brought into Birmingham on the Wednesday afternoon and baited again. These were chance baitings, however. The regular matches were got up during the holidays or wakes in town; and to procure a bull it was customary for the workmen to club together a sufficient sum to purchase one. The animal was brought forward early on the Monday of the wake, and whoever had a dog paid 6d. or 1s. to let it have a fly at the bull. The proceeds went to pay for the bull, which was sold after the baiting. The bull was generally baited for about four hours a day. The intervals "were filled up with cock-fighting, badger-baiting, or bear baiting.' By practice some of the bulls became so conversant with baiting, that when in the fields or passing through a town, the boys had only to cry out, "A lane! a lane!" to make them immediately assume a posture of defence, "and paw the ground impatient for the attack."

——LET GOETHE SPEAK.—How wonderful is the capacity of a goosequill! Now discoursing most eloquent music, rivaling the ancient reed-pipes of Pan; now a sceptre of illimitable sway, and oftentimes only a pop-gun and squib-case. I am almost insensibly getting into the track, but my prosing unfortunately—or to put in another word, and you take your choice—fortunately is limited; one's vanity is gratified by the remembrance that once upon a time cackling saved the capitol. I reserve, therefore, *my* patriotism, to let Goethe vindicate *his* from the aspersions of our parson. Eckermann has very recently given us a third volume of "Conversations with Goethe during the last years of his life." There are many with whom the following passages will find glad acceptation. The book contains much more of similar import. Resurgam—the accused is here—now, *let Goethe speak:* "You are generally reproached," said Eckermann to Goethe, "for not taking up arms in the great days of 1813–15; reproached that you have not even assisted the cause of freedom in your capacity as poet." "Let that rest, my friend," replied Goethe. "The world is a strange thing, that rarely knows its wants, and one must suffer to let it talk and enjoy. How, I ask, could I have taken up arms without hatred? and how could I have hated without possessing youth? Had those events have happened when I was twenty years of age, I would certainly not have been the last, but they found me as one who had passed sixty. Nor can it be expected that we all should serve our country in one and the same manner; let every one do his best according to the abilities received from on high. For halt a century I have labored hard, and can avow that I have worked day and night, scarcely allowing myself the necessary cessation; and I have endeavored to advance science, and done things as good and as many as I could master. Could every one say as much for himself, it would be well for all. I am aware that I am a thorn in many an eye, and that they heartily wish to see me gone; and finding they cannot attack my talents, they attack my character. Often they call me proud, at other times egotistic; and, again, full of envy against younger talents, a loose character, or without religion, and even without love to my country and the dear Germans. You, Eckermann, have known me for many years, and sufficiently well to judge how far these reports are well grounded. But if you desire to know my sufferings, read my '*Xenien*,' and its antipodes will show you the ways and means they have used to embitter my life. A German author is a German martyr. Believe me, you will not find it otherwise. Nor ought I to complain—have not others had the same fate? have not many suffered more? And this is equally so in England and France. Look how much Molière had to suffer! equally with Rousseau and Voltaire! Byron was driven from England by malicious tongues, and he would have fled to the end of the world had not an early death rescued him from the hatred of these '*Philisters*.' Were it the '*masse borne*' that pursued us, it might be bearable. But no; the talented pursues his equal. Platen annoys Heine; and Heine Platen; and each endeavors to write down the other, as if the would was not wide enough for all—forgetting also that our own talent and internal self torment us quite enough already. To write war songs in my chambers! ay, that would have suited me! From the bivouac where at night the horses of the enemy's outposts might be heard neighing—that would have been the place in which I would not have minded to compose them. But such was neither my situation nor my wish: it belonged to Theodore Korner, and his war songs and hymns are on that account intrinsically real and characteristic. I have never shown any affectation in my poetry. Never have I written poems on subjects in which my whole life and soul was not imbued. Love songs I only wrote when I loved; and, I repeat, how could I have written songs of hatred without hate? Now, between ourselves," continued Goethe, "I never hated the French, although I thanked God when we got rid of them. How could I have hated a nation which we look upon as one of the most high-minded, and to which I am indebted for a great part of my knowledge? National hatred is a singular thing. On the lowest steps of culture you will find it strongest and most violent. But there is a step, also, in which it disappears, in which one feels oneself elevated beyond nationality; and it is in this step that we participate in the happiness or fatalities which may befal neighboring nations as much as if they had happened to our own. This position of culture, '*cultershufe*,' was my '*naturelle*.' I had attained it, and was fortified in it long before I was sixty years of age." To some it will be interesting to know that the volume whence this is taken contains a diary of Goethe's sayings, handed over to Eckermann by Monsieur Soret, of Genève, tutor to the Grand Duke of Weimar, who was in frequent friendly intercourse with the poet from 1822 till his death. M. Soret was a profound mineralogist; he arranged Goethe's collection of crystals, and translated Goethe's *Metamorphöse der Pflauzen* into French. Reader, remember in all thy judgments, and lay to heart this maxim of the wise—"To appreciate any man, learn first what object he proposes to himself; next, what degree of earnestness he showed with regard to attaining that object."—*People's Journal.*

——FOOD THE GREAT AGENT.—But it is in private life that food reigns most markedly absolute. It stimulates or it blunts the perceptive faculties; it increases or it diminishes the will; it enlivens or it deadens the moral sense. The son comes home and devours an enormous supper—the father speaks cross to him—he replies, as an indigesting stomach always will reply—the father strikes him—he appeals to his supper for advice, and receives an indigested one, to the effect that he should run away. On the morrow, hunger and the rear-guard of indigestion awakening sullen pride, he persists in his course, and a home and a family are made miserable by a supper. Stripped of all outer garnishes, such is the simple cause of all our important mistakes; and the reverse is the cause of our successes. When Amelia jilts the Honorable Sidney, when the young clerk decamps with the "cash in hand," when husband and wife separate, when a family retires to Australia, depend upon it food has more to do with it than the volition, or the impulses, or the reason, as shallow metaphysicians would assert. It was being in a high state of health, in feeling the process of oxygenisation strike with warm life to the very toes, that made men see nothing but rich returns in railways, which compelled them to speculate and to be ruined. I had a friend once who fell a victim to food. He had an exceedingly capricious stomach, and among many other things could not eat vegetables of any kind, but especially of the pea and bean tribe. He was in love, deeply, passionately, madly, of course, with a young lady, who returned his affection. But his indigestion taking the form of bilious attacks made him intolerably jealous and suspicious, and he was eternally quarrelling with the object of his love. But *amantium iræ*, &c. and they had always been speedily reconciled, until one day he chanced to drop in at the middle of dinner time, and caught the family eating broad beans and bacon, things long ago in vain protested against by Pythagoras. In an evil hour he joined the repast. Regardless of his digestion, he consumed a prodigious quantity of beans. In the course of the afternoon he grew morose and sulky: he no longer called the lady by endearing epithets; he cast no more love glances, unperceived, upon her. Later on he began to mumble something about a single gentleman over the way. The lady's patience was exhausted. She replied tartly. He rejoined bitterly; and the end of all was, that in great indignation and in greater indigestion he rushed home—loaded a horse-pistol—printed on a card, "Yours till death," in German text and red ink, pasted it on his hat front, and then returned and blew the ramrod through himself at the door-steps of her dwelling. Some blamed the lady, and said it was coldness acting upon a sensitive and excitable temperament that caused his end; others, that it was a bad disposition which would rather take revenge at a great cost, than acknowledge a fault; the coronor's inquest decided it was "Temporary insanity": but I knew well enough that it was broad beans, and nothing else, that had done it."—*Leigh Hunt's Journal.*

——DAHOMEY.—The country is about 180 miles in extent from east to west, and about 200 miles from the sea coast to its inland frontier, the Kong mountains. This large country, though rich in all kinds of natural resources, is very thinly peopled, owing to the devastating wars and slave-hunts of which it has been the scene for more than a century. The whole population does not exceed, it is supposed, 200,000 persons of both sexes, of whom only 20,000 are free. The capital, Abomey, numbers about 30,000 inhabitants. The Dahoman army consists of 12,000 regular troops, of whom about 5,000 are Amazons, or fighting negresses, such armies of Amazons having been one of the institutions of Dahomey ever since the reign of Ada Hoonzoo, the grandfather of Gezo (1774-1789), one of whose "happy" conceptions it was to make his female subjects serve him as soldiers as well as the males. On occasions of emergency, however, the King of Dahomey can bring 50,000 soldiers of both sexes, or a fourth part of his subjects, into the field, the women being as efficient as the men, and much fiercer. The sole occupation of the nation, with the exception of a little agriculture, which is well-conducted, and a few manufacturing processes carried on at Abomey, is war or slave-hunting. Every year the nation is levied *en masse*, a foray is led against some adjacent tribe or nation in the interior or near the coast, villages are destroyed, and the aged and young murdered, and thousands of prisoners are dragged into the Dahoman territory, to be either sacrificed to the Fetish gods, or driven down to Whydah, where resident slave merchants purchase them from the Dahoman King, and sell them again to Portuguese and Brazilian traders who are on the watch to run them through the line of the British cruisers and across the Atlantic. These slave-hunts usually take place in November and December. Their proceeds form the sole revenue of the Dahoman King, who, besides supplying his soldiers with rations, rewards them by an annual largess of rum, cloth, cowry shells, &c. during the period of the "customs." His ministers and higher officers are similarly paid. The king is absolute, and decapitates his subjects at pleasure, his prime minister being also his executioner; still there are certain traditions and rules which bind him. At the annual "customs" Dahoman opinion makes itself heard, and topics of State are freely handled in a noisy palaver, in which the Amazons take a leading part. At these "customs" the scene of the next slave-hunt is discussed and secretly determined. The Fetish-people, or priests, exercise a good deal of influence all the year round.—*Athenæum.*

——THE COSTER LAD'S ETHICS.—On a Sunday I goes out selling, and all I yarns I keeps. As for going to church, why, I can't afford it,—besides, to tell the truth, I don't like it well enough. Plays, too, ain't in my line much! I'd sooner go to a dance—its more livelier. The "penny gaffs" is rather more in my style; the songs are out and out, and makes our gals laugh. The smutter the better, I thinks; bless you! the gals like it as much as we do. If we lads ever has a quarrel, why, we fights for it. If I was to let a cove off once, he'd do it again: but I never gave a lad a chance, so long as I can get anigh him. I never heard about Christianity: but if a cove was to fetch me a lick of the head, I'd give it him again, whether he was a big 'un or a little 'un. I'd precious soon see an honemy of mine shot afore I'd forgive him,—where's the use? Do I understand what behaving to your neighbor is? In coorse I do. If a feller as lives next me wanted a basket of mine as I wasn't using, why, he might have it; if I was working it though, I'd see him further! I can understand that all that lives in a court is neighbors; but as for policemen, they're n